# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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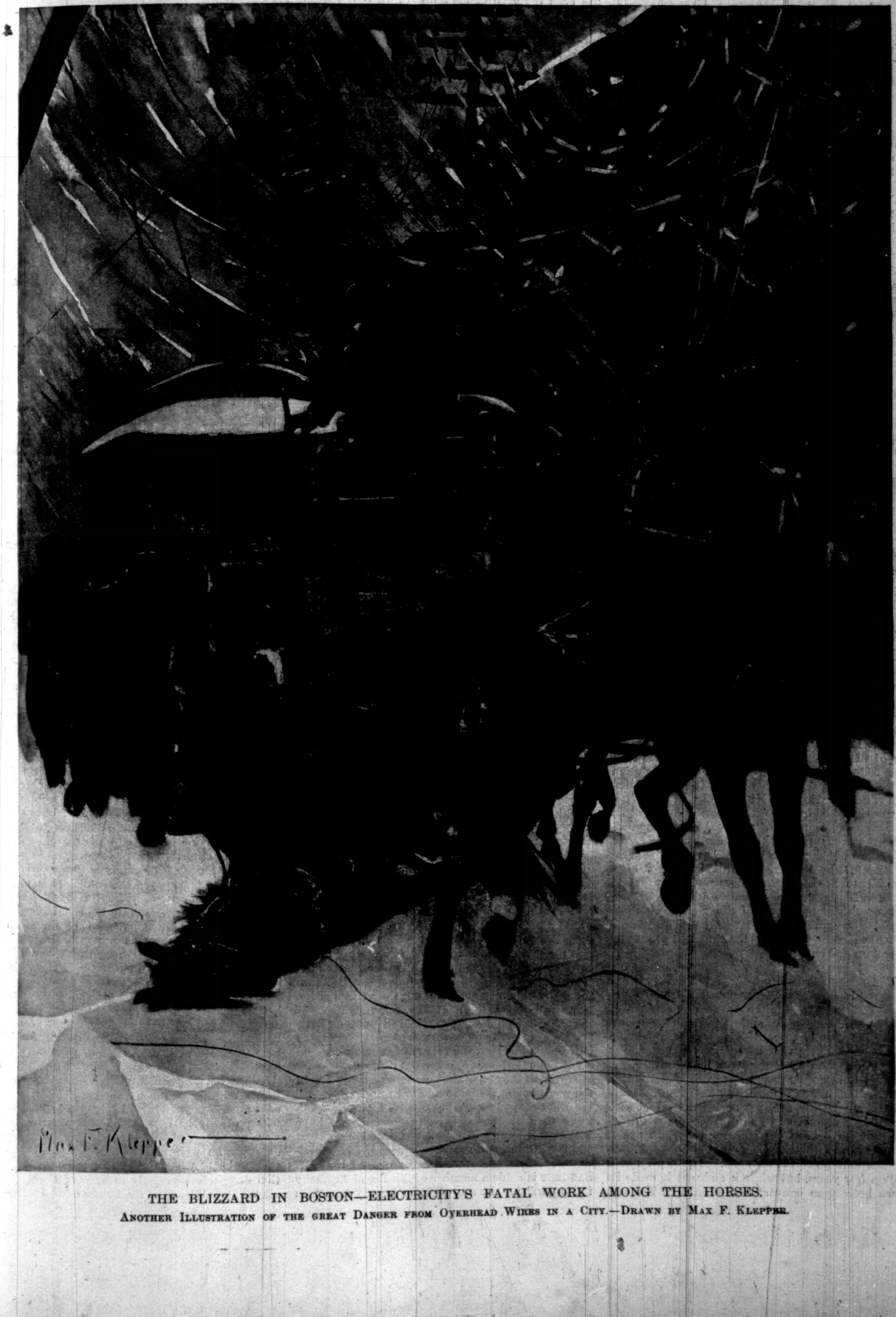

THE BLIZZARD IN BOSTON—ELECTRICITY'S FATAL WORK AMONG THE HORSES.

Another Illustration of the great Danger from Overhead Wires in a City.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898

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UNDER the DINGLEY bill the revenues for January lack $8,000,000 of meeting the requirements of the government. This is not a progression towards the equalization of income and outgo that Mr. DINGLEY has promised.

THERE seems to be some fear in England that the British government will recede from the splendid position in which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH placed it. Russia is threatening by moving troops into Manchuria, and is even moving towards the frontier of Afghanistan; but every friend of freedom and civilization will hope that the insistence of the English press will convince Lord SALISBURY that for once his foreign policy may be safely of that manly kind which once made Great Britain the dominating force of Europe.

IT is proposed that Congress shall appropriate the sum of $4,144,912 for sea-coast defences, most of which is to be expended for new works and new guns. So far as this is essential, no one will begrudge the money, but in the mean time there is not a sufficiency of artillerymen to take proper care of the forts and guns that the country already possesses. Common prudence makes it absolutely essential that the two new regiments of artillery asked for by Secretary ALGER and General MILES be provided.

GOVERNOR BLACK and Senator PLATT have been in consultation recently on the subject of a new primary law, and reports say that the Governor is trying to persuade the Senator to permit the legislative branch of the State government to enact "the best primary law that can be passed." We do not believe that any good can come out of such a consultation, nor, for that matter, that Senator PLATT and Governor BLACK will ever consent to a good primary law; for a primary law cannot be good unless the whole machinery of nomination be under the control of the State, free from interference by party machines or party bosses.

THE Kentucky Legislature has recently asked Senator LINDSAY to resign, because he is not in favor of the free coinage of silver. This action has been followed by the introduction of a resolution in the New York Assembly requesting the resignation of Senator EDWARD MURPHY, Jr., of this State, because he voted for the TELLER resolution. Neither of these resolutions is of any real importance, although government of the nation by State Legislatures would doubtless be quite as intelligent as government by the present United States Senate. The Kentucky Legislature does not really expect Senator LINDSAY to vote against his convictions, nor do the Republicans of the New York State Legislature expect Senator MURPHY to think of anything but his machine, and the sufficient protection of collars and cuffs.

WE hope that it is not too late to express our regret that Professor CHARLES S. SARGENT has thought it wise to stop the publication of *Garden and Forest*. No worthier effort to establish a journal of the very best quality has ever been made in any country. *Garden and Forest* was not only an authority on the subjects of horticulture and kindred topics, which were the main themes of its articles, but it was a most intelligent and accomplished advocate of art as it comes in contact with out-of-door nature, and its influence and the influence of its originator and proprietor, Professor SARGENT, and that of its editor, the late W. A. STILES, were powerful for good. The paper lasted only a few years, but while it endured it made its mark both upon country and municipal life, and those who regarded it with intelligent interest, and read it because they loved nature and art and good literature, will greatly miss it.

THE Tammany Hall Mayor of New York is improving every opportunity that is afforded him to demonstrate his unworthiness of the high place to which machine politics has elevated him. We trust that the afflicted people of Chicago and other cities are reading the New York daily newspapers. It may do them good to comprehend the ruffianism which Tammany breeds. In almost every contact between Mr. CROKER'S Mayor and gentlemen, the Mayor has been guilty of violent outbursts of temper and of unseemly insolence. In every case in which he has dealt with experts his insolence has been the garb of his ignorance. A few days ago, in considering the budget for the coming year of the Board of Education, he made a most ill-mannered and barbarous assault upon modern education and the public schools. Every one who knows anything about our public-school system knows that it has been vastly improved under the intelligent management of the present Board of Education; but Mayor VAN WYCK thinks that the old Tammany schools were good enough for him, and that they ought to be good enough for the children of to-day. He does not realize that the schools that were good enough for him produced him, and that the city is interested in having better schools which will produce better men.

THE trial of Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies for the shooting of the striking miners at Hazleton began last week, and at this writing we have, of course, nothing to say concerning the merits of the case. In this respect we are unlike some of the daily newspapers, which continue to presume that the defendants are guilty of the charge against them, which is that of murder. Now the presumption of the law is that they are innocent, and the presumption was aided by the evidence so far as it was known to the public at the time of the unfortunate occurrence. If Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies can be shown to be criminal, they should be punished to the full extent of the law; but so far they have not had fair treatment from the community whose officers they were. Attempts have been made upon their lives and upon their homes, and the authorities of Luzerne County have not protected them. The community itself refused to furnish them the bail which the law permitted them, either through indifference to their fate or on account of fear of the mob, and the persecuted sheriff and his deputies were obliged to go to Philadelphia and buy bonds from a trust company. As we have said, if these defendants are guilty they should be condemned and punished; but if, as the evidence at the time indicated, they were upholding the law and protecting its majesty from outrage, they should be honored and rewarded, and we trust that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is great enough and powerful enough to give these officers of Luzerne County a fairer chance than has thus far been accorded them.

THE United States government is forced by its tariff policy into the doing of very shabby things. Signor BOLDINI, a distinguished portrait-painter, came to this country a few months ago at the invitation of some dealers in New York, for the purpose of painting portraits. He is one of the most distinguished portrait-painters of the world, and is thought by some to be the peer of our own JOHN SARGENT. The treatment of the two men in America and Europe, respectively, is calculated to make decent Americans blush and decent Europeans sneer. BOLDINI brought some pictures with him, which were admitted, on his bond, for exhibition during the period of six months. Some busybodies, said to be rival dealers of the house at whose rooms BOLDINI'S pictures are on exhibition, suggested to the Collector of the Port of New York that the pictures thus admitted free of duty might be purchased. Thereupon the United States government, in the guise of a woman, sneaked into the establishment and, tempting the artist's agent to an alleged violation of law, purchased one of the pictures, and thereupon seized the rest. As the law seems to contemplate that pictures thus admitted may be sold, by providing that duty shall be paid on all of them that are not taken out of the country by the artist at the end of the six months, the action of the government seems to amount to nothing but a bit of contemptible espionage and brutal inhospitality to a distinguished foreigner. As we have said, the difference between this treatment and that accorded to Mr. SARGENT emphasizes the shamefulness of the conduct of our own government. Mr. SARGENT is made a member of the Royal Academy in England, and he and all other worthy American artists are treated with more than decent respect in Europe; but so long as we have the kind of tariff tyranny under which we suffer we shall have to blush for such barbarities as that which the Collector of the Port of New York has practised upon BOLDINI.

## HOPE FROM THE HOUSE.

THE House of Representatives, under the leadership of Mr. REED, made short work of the TELLER resolution. By a vote of 182 to 132 the House refused to agree to the proposition that the free coinage of silver could be resumed without a breach of the faith due to the public creditor. For, as Mr. DINGLEY pointed out, it was this feature of the resolution that was of serious import. It was essentially a denial of the obligation of the government to maintain the parity of the metals, as it was a denial of the promise of the Republican party to maintain the gold standard until international bimetallism could be brought about. The resolution, as every one knows, was intended by the silver men merely to prevent any attempt at currency legislation at the present session. Now that Mr. REED has taken this question firmly in hand, it is to be hoped that he will not drop it until the House of Representatives shall have done its best to promote currency reform. The great business to be eventually done by Congress is, first, the protection of the present gold standard of value, and second, the divorce of the government from the banking business. The immediate business of the House of Representatives is the passage of the best money bill possible under existing conditions, and the prevention thereby of the capture of the next House of Representatives by the free-coinage people. For the accomplishment of the immediate business in hand, the Speaker of the House is the main dependence of the country.

The vote in the Senate and Mr. McKINLEY'S attitude show that neither of the present national organizations is to be depended upon in a determined struggle for sound money. We say this notwithstanding Mr. McKINLEY'S speech at the recent dinner of the Manufacturers' Association in New York. Mr. McKINLEY there professed his determination to prevent the adoption of any measure that will debase the currency. Undoubtedly this meant that if such a resolution as that which passed the Senate by a vote of 47 to 32 had reached him, Mr. McKINLEY would have vetoed it. But if the President is to be counted as a firm and effective force in favor of sound money, he must designate his measure of reform, and do his utmost to secure its enactment by Congress. That is what Mr. CLEVELAND did when he compelled the passage of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act; and that is what Mr. McKINLEY must do if he is to appear as the leader of the sound-currency forces. We have had generalities from him before this. We have been told before, in the language of the stump, that his heart was in the right place. We must know now, if we are to follow him, whether his mind has intelligently formulated the professions of his heart. Is he for or against the plan proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, or the bill suggested by the Indianapolis Monetary Commission; or is there any measure to which he will agree and which he will urge upon his party friends in Congress? Although Mr. CARLISLE was quite as devoted a friend of unconditional repeal as Mr. CLEVELAND was, no one during the latter's term ever made the mistake of supposing that the President marched behind his Secretary of the Treasury; but now it is clear that Secretary GAGE stands as the sound-money champion of the administration, and that, notwithstanding the comforting words of his after-dinner speech, Mr. McKINLEY is yet an uncertain element so far as any practical and definite measure of reform is concerned. Mr. McKINLEY, however, in a large way represents the national Republican organization, for the Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. HANNA, is not only his personal friend, but his personal representative, and it is certain that that gentleman has not yet shown himself to be a strong and dependable friend of the cause. Moreover, the national organization intends to follow the modern custom of party organizations, and to avoid the issue as long as possible. Such prominent Republicans as Senators CARTER, CHANDLER, CLARK, PRITCHARD, SHOUP, WARREN, and WOLCOTT voted for the TELLER resolution against the desires and the dictation of their party organization. In any future meeting of the national organization these men and their friends will have an influence, and will probably be listened to. If their influence were not powerful, and if the Republican national organization were sincerely in favor of the gold standard, and were determined to settle the question definitely, especially in view of the fact that all the Republicans of the House except two voted for the gold standard, the National Committee would hold a meeting at once, and would make it impossible for these Senators to remain in the party, except after a renunciation of their allegiance to the free-silver interest.

We expect nothing, however, from the national organization, while the Democratic organization is hopelessly given over not only to the cause of free silver, but to every other heresy which Bryan represented in the last campaign. When such gold Democrats as Senators Gray of Delaware, Lindsay of Kentucky, and Mitchell of Wisconsin, who are counted as men of principle, prefer their party to their principles, and are willing to adopt the notions of Murphy of New York and Smith of New Jersey, who believe in themselves and their party first, and in their country incidentally, nothing good can come from the organization to which they all belong. Senator Caffery alone in the Senate represents the gold Democrats who put this money issue entirely above party consideration.

The situation is not promising, but it is not hopeless. Everything depends upon the struggle that can be made for sound money in the Congressional elections of this year. Besides the admirable action of the Republicans in the House, a hopeful sign is to be found in the votes against the Teller resolution of Senators Baker of Kansas, Hansbrough of North Dakota, McBride of Oregon, and Wilson of Washington. Here was aid coming from silver strongholds, and it is clear that these Senators felt themselves able to vote against the Teller resolution because they knew that they would be supported at home if they stood for the policy of the gold-standard members of their party. The struggle must be carried into the Congressional districts, and we believe that if the way for the contest is prepared by a thorough debate in the House of Representatives, it will be found that the constituencies are sounder than Senators, and that they are properly represented in the popular branch of Congress.

In the absence of any definite plan of the President's, the Speaker has an opportunity to come forward and take the place which was held by Mr. Cleveland. He has just taken one long stride in this direction. He dominates the House of Representatives as Mr. Cleveland dominated his cabinet. The House does as he directs, and will, if he commands, debate and pass a measure making the securities of the government definitively gold securities, providing for the gradual retirement of the greenbacks, and for the increase of banking facilities in remote regions of the country. If the present members of the House of Representatives can carry to their constituents, with the endorsement of the majority of the House, a bill that shall contain provisions like these, a long step will have been taken in the struggle for sound money in the Congressional districts. Even free-silver districts are not hopeless, because it can be shown by a debate in the House and by discussion on the stump that the free coinage of silver by this country alone is impossible, at least during the present administration, and improbable for many years to come; that in the mean time the existing currency system of the country is productive of such evils as those from which our business interests suffered in 1893; that whether the community does or does not believe that silver eventually should form part of the metal money of the country, relief can be had by the destruction of that feature of government paper which enables it to be used for exhausting the coin in the Treasury, and that still greater relief can be had by the producers from the extension of banking facilities to those parts of the country which do not now enjoy them, and which cannot now enjoy them by reason of the existing national banking law. This is the time for earnest work and urgent preparation, and the work of preparation can nowhere be better begun than in the House of Representatives. The sooner the beginning is made the better, for we fancy that both the House and the country are just now in a mood to listen intelligently and patiently to discussion on this subject.

All depends upon the Speaker. It is clear that he is greatly more impressed with the necessity of currency action than he was during Mr. Cleveland's administration. If his party is to render any further service to the country, it must be in this way, and under his leadership. It is within his power to make the beginning of a new time for the organization to which he is so greatly attached. The weeks of the session are going by, and Mr. Reed's Committee on Banking and Currency seems to the world outside to be trifling with great interests. He can wring out of the jarring elements concurrence and a report, and he can again impress upon the world that the majority of the House of Representatives have sound views, and that there is not only no danger of depreciation of our currency at the hands of the Representatives who have come most recently from the people, but that they are ready to do their part towards placing our money system on a sound basis.

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# "COLD FACTS" AND HAWAII.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

Never has the hollowness of the arguments in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States been more clearly exposed than in the speech recently delivered by Senator Frye at the banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York. "I am only going to call your attention to a few cold facts," said he. "What is the property of the Hawaiian Islands worth? $39,000,000. Who owns it? Americans own $30,000,000 of it. Their commerce was last year $23,000,000. We enjoyed 92½ per cent. of it. . . . You are hunting for markets? Do you want to lose that one? Well, if the United States Senate does not give a two-thirds vote in favor of annexation, you have lost it."

This is an astounding assertion. If it were true that without annexation we would lose that property and that trade, how did it happen that we ever got it without annexation? For it is a "cold fact" that all that Hawaiian property and trade were acquired by Americans while Hawaii was not a part of this republic, but an independent state. Why, then, should we lose those advantages if Hawaii continues to be an independent state?

But Senator Frye tells us solemnly that "if the treaty is not ratified by the United States Senate, in less than a year the Hawaiian Islands will be under the protectorate of Great Britain." Now assuming it were really to be feared—which it is not at all—that the defeat of the annexation treaty in the Senate would be followed by a British protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, would such a protectorate mean the confiscation of American property in Hawaiian territory and the closing of the Hawaiian ports to American trade? Is it not a "cold fact" that Great Britain is loudly proclaiming her policy to keep the ports under her control, in whatever part of the world, open to the trade of all nations? Thus while strongly objecting to a British protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, we certainly cannot do so on the ground that it would take away our property or our trade.

But is it really true that unless we speedily annex those islands Great Britain will take them? Is it not time that this venerable bugbear of some foreign power being sure to take this or that, unless we take it, should at last subside? Fifty years ago the American people were to be stampeded into a prompt acquisition of Cuba by the prediction that, as Spain could not hold that island, Great Britain would surely take it, unless we did. Less than thirty years ago we were told that we must necessarily take St. Thomas and San Domingo, for unless we did some evil-minded European power would pounce upon those valuable possessions. Well, it is a "cold fact" that we took neither Cuba, nor St. Thomas, nor San Domingo; and it is an equally "cold fact" that neither Great Britain nor any other power ever raised a hand to turn our abstinence to its advantage. I do not mean to say that no foreign power would have liked to possess those islands. But I do mean to say that no foreign power stretched out its hands to take any of them, knowing that the United States would object.

Is there any reason for apprehending that our objection would be less potent in the case of the Hawaiian Islands? Hear Senator Frye. He tells us that forty-seven years ago Admiral Dupont made a report concerning the military importance of Hawaii, and then, says Senator Frye, "we gave notice to the whole world to keep their hands off those islands. They had been seized four times—once by Russia, once by England, and twice by France—and we said to those three nations, 'Hereafter keep your hands off from those islands; they are under our protection.' If forty-seven years ago they were so important, how about to-day?" Well, if forty-seven years ago, when our population was only 23 millions, and our wealth and power not to be compared with what they are now, a mere note of warning on the part of the United States sufficed to induce all the great powers of the world to "keep their hands off from those islands," will it require more than a warning to-day, when we have a population of 75 millions, and are in many respects the richest and strongest nation in the world? It is a "cold fact," made evident ever so many times, from the settlement of the *Alabama* claims to that of the Venezuela trouble, that since the close of our civil war it is one of the very first precepts of British statesmanship to remain on good terms with the United States, and that no British government would be tempted by any advantage to be derived from a protectorate over Hawaii to get into a serious quarrel with this republic. This stale talk about what Great Britain is going to do against the United States has so long been the resort of the cheapest kind of demagogy that self-respecting public men should at last be ashamed of it.

It is equally silly to say that if we do not annex Hawaii Japan will do so. No clear-headed statesman will believe for a moment that Japan, struggling to maintain its new place among the powers of the world, and straining its scanty financial resources for that purpose to the utmost, could be so foolish as to provoke the ill-will of so great and hitherto so friendly a power as the United States by scattering in distant adventures its military and naval forces which are so sadly needed for the protection of its interests near by.

But it is said that if we decline accepting the Hawaiian Islands when they are offered to us, we are estopped from objecting if some one else takes them. The same flimsy argument was urged in the San Domingo case. Nothing could be more preposterous. The acceptance of this proposition on our part would knock the bottom out of our whole Monroe doctrine. It would mean that, having refused to annex San Domingo once, we could not object to any European power taking it; or that if some American republic, Nicaragua for instance, offered itself to us without being taken, this refusal would preclude us from insisting upon Nicaragua's remaining an independent state in case some accidental dictator there should attempt to sell it to some European power, as Baez tried to sell San Domingo. The "cold fact" is that if we now decline to accept Hawaii from the hands of the accidental dictators there, our moral authority in forbidding any other power to take it, and in insisting that it shall remain an independent state, will not be less than it was before, but it will be far greater and more commanding, for nobody will then be able to say that we assert it with the selfish intent of finally seizing the prize ourselves. No power will dare to defy it.

Senator Frye says further: "If you have commerce in the Pacific Ocean, where are you going to rest your ships, and to get your coal, and to have your naval stations? There is but one spot left in the entire Pacific Ocean, and that is the Hawaiian Islands." Well, where do we "rest our ships" and "get our coal" now? It is a "cold fact" that we do so in the independent state of Hawaii, and also in other countries equally independent. What a novel and strange idea is this that we cannot "rest our ships" or "get our coal" in any ports that do not belong to us! If so, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia would be to us substantially inaccessible countries. And as to a naval station, have we not Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, which we may fortify and use for all sorts of naval purposes as soon as we see fit? Must we annex the whole of Hawaii in order to get accommodations and protection for our fleet in Pearl Harbor which is already at our disposal? Must Great Britain annex the whole of Spain in order to hold Gibraltar?

So much for Senator Frye's "cold facts." A candid review of them proves clearly that all the advantages which we are told the annexation of Hawaii would bring us may be had without it. And now we are asked—even without the inducement of an otherwise unobtainable benefit—to incorporate in our political system a foreign country, over two thousand miles distant from our nearest coast, and to smirch our character as a nation by taking it from the hands of a usurping oligarchy put in power by a revolutionary act lawlessly aided by our own officers, and not representing the people; a country the defence of which will require us to maintain large and costly armaments not otherwise necessary; a country with a tropical climate, the principal laboring force in which can never be of Germanic blood, and in which democratic institutions as we understand them can never flourish; a country an overwhelming majority of whose population consists of Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, with a very slight sprinkling of Americans, Englishmen, and Germans! We are asked to expose ourselves to the chance of that country being made a State of this Union, its population, through their Senators and Representatives, to take part in ruling this republic, and our people; in closely contested Presidential elections, to wait for the returns of the Kanaka or Portuguese vote in the back districts of far-away Oahu Island to decide our destinies! We are asked to excite by this annexation the appetite for more aggrandizement, and thus to launch out on an indefinite policy of wild adventure! Truly the "cold facts" of the case cannot be too soberly weighed.

A BIT OF THE CHINESE DIVISION.
Photograph by Taber.

## CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

**Splendid** as a spectacle, interesting as a historical review of California history, and full of the humor and the picturesqueness of pioneer life in the new land of gold was the great parade at San Francisco on January 24, which opened the exercises of Jubilee week, devoted to the commemoration of Marshall's discovery of gold fifty years ago. The event that was celebrated was full of the romance of history. In its far-reaching consequences few events in American annals have been so important. And what has given a revival of the enthusiasm of those days of '49 is the present keen interest in the Klondike, that arctic gold region, which promises to rival the sudden and amazing stream of Californian wealth that astonished the civilized world a half-century ago. Doubtless many who saw the revival in picturesque floats of old mining days in California recalled the recent reports from the Yukon of placers as rich as those of the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas.

FLOAT REPRESENTING THE MISSION DOLORES, THE PIONEER CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS.
Photograph by Partridge.

Another phase of the parade which could not fail to impress any one who saw it was the contrast between the old mining days and the present period. This contrast was shown in many forms. It was brought out by the primitive rocker and long tom used by the placer miner in California until hydraulic machinery was perfected so as to accomplish in a single day what under the old laborious hand processes required a fortnight of the hardest work. It was seen in the fire-engines, several of the old type that were used in New York in the forties being followed by the latest perfected steam-engines and water-towers. Many of the floats also were object-lessons in the enormous material development of California in the span of two generations, from the pastoral life described by Richard Henry Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast* to the eager existence of the great commonwealth of to-day, which stands among the foremost States in the production of gold, wheat, fruits, nuts, and many other products, and which has developed in its southern colonies ideal communities that would have pleased the author of *News from Nowhere*. Equally significant and noteworthy was the cosmopolitan character of the parade. It was made up of many peoples, but not even the Orientals proved to be aliens when it came to a share in the benefits of the gold discovery. The Chinese furnished one of the most spectacular of the divisions in the parade; and they were there by right, for they contributed much of the rough labor that built up the great mining and railroad industries of California. Without their aid the transcontinental railroad could not have been built for years. They pierced the Sierra; they defied the elements in winter, and established a record for rapid railroad work under enormous difficulties which was not equalled for a quarter of a century. For years after the Kearney sand-lot agitation it would have been dangerous for Chinese to enter a public parade in San Francisco. The change in sentiment was shown by the applause that greeted the Celestials in this Jubilee procession.

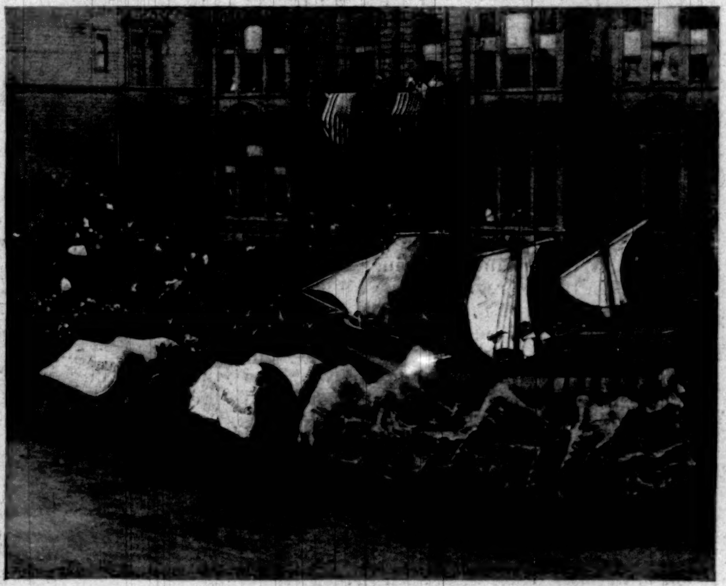
It would require several columns to give any detailed sketch of this parade, so rich in features that appealed to every one familiar with Californian history and achievement. The divisions of the procession that called out the heartiest applause were the United States troops, the pioneers, and old veterans of the Mexican war, the firemen who ran with Broderick and other fire-laddies in the old days of the Bowery in New York, the Native Sons and Daughters, the school-children, the foreign military and social clubs, the Chinese, and the floats.

The regulars marched well, and their presence in larger numbers than in any previous parade in this State was the subject of favorable comment. The State militia also made an excellent appearance. When the old pioneers and the miners came in sight cheers went up all along the street. General Bidwell was in a carriage, a pioneer of pioneers, for he was here several years before the Bear flag was raised. In another carriage were the four ancient men who worked with Marshall on Sutter's mill, and saw the first nuggets taken from the mill-race at Coloma. One of the most striking floats in this division was that of Calaveras County. It bore the device of a huge skull, gilded. Under the skull was the legend: "Calaveras, the county of skulls, the home of the Utica, Gwin, and other mines. The products of Calaveras since 1850 would build this skull of solid gold—$1,000,000,000." Before this float marched the Miners' Band from Calaveras County.

In the third division was a miniature representation of one of Columbus's caravels. Then came the grizzled old exempt firemen, who had run to many a dangerous blaze in the early days of San Francisco, dragging along the small hand-engines which they now had with them. The engine that excited the greatest interest was a small, beautifully ornamented one made in New York seventy-eight years ago, and once owned by Martin Van Buren. Behind it came several engines, all richly adorned, which were in use when the Volunteer Firemen under Broderick played so important a part in city government.

At the head of the fourth division, given up to Native Sons and Daughters, was one of the fine floats of the procession, a perfect copy of the Mission Dolores, the old mission church in San Francisco, with its white adobe walls and red-tiled roof. To lend Spanish color to this division came a group of caballeros, all in rich costume, with handsomely ornamented saddles. Another handsome float was "The Thirty-first Star of the Union." This showed a typical miner handing to Miss Columbia a golden star, while at her side was Commodore Sloat, holding an American flag with a space in the blue waiting for the new star of California. Then came the various "parlors," or branches, of the Native Sons of the Golden West. Each had a richly decorated banner, and each was made noteworthy by some device of costume. Behind them came a delegation of Native Daughters, dressed in white costumes with orange trimming, and mounted on handsome horses. The Native Daughters float represented "California, the Golden Star of the Union." The central figure was the Queen of the Jubilee, and around her were grouped little girls clad in yellow of the rich shade of the California poppy.

The Irish and German societies made a fine appearance, the Hannoveraner Verein being conspicuous for their rich costumes and their gray horses, all of uniform size. Following these came the League of the Cross Cadets, who marched well. Next came a typical pack-train of early days—the "prairie schooner" with dust heavy on its ragged canvas top, burros and mules with miners' outfits securely fastened with the diamond cinch, and red-shirted miners mounted on horses. They looked as though they had stepped out of one of Bret Harte's stories.



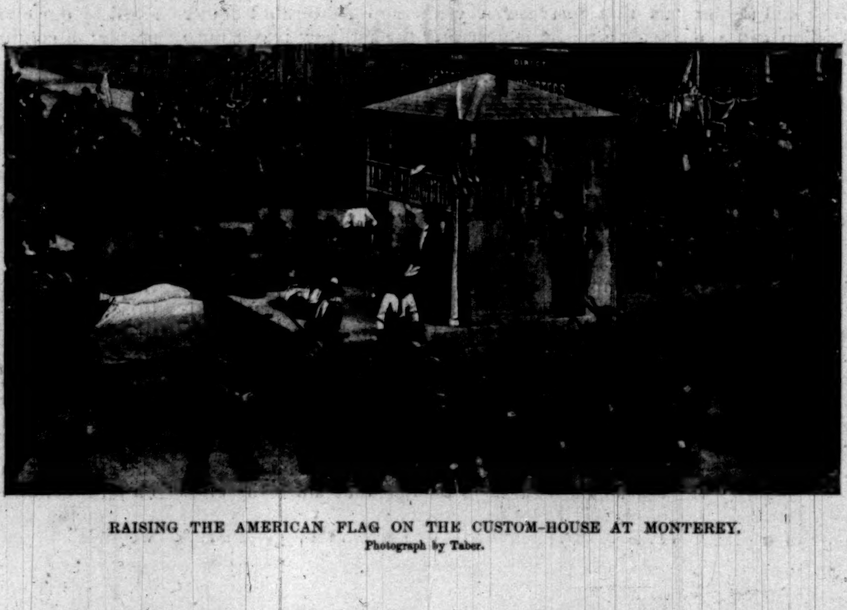
FLOAT REPRESENTING OLD SPANISH CARAVEL.
Photograph by Taber.

The public-school children came next—an army of bright-faced boys who marched with military precision. When the procession neared the reviewing-stand on Van Ness Avenue a large number of public-school girls entered the line. They were dressed mainly in white, and their perfect command of the military evolutions made them one of the great features of the parade. Of the remaining divisions of the parade the first place for picturesqueness should be given to the Chinese, who had several hundred richly dressed men in line. Gorgeous lanterns and splendid banners were numerous. The consul and his assistants were in carriages, together with the heads of the Six Companies and other rich merchants.

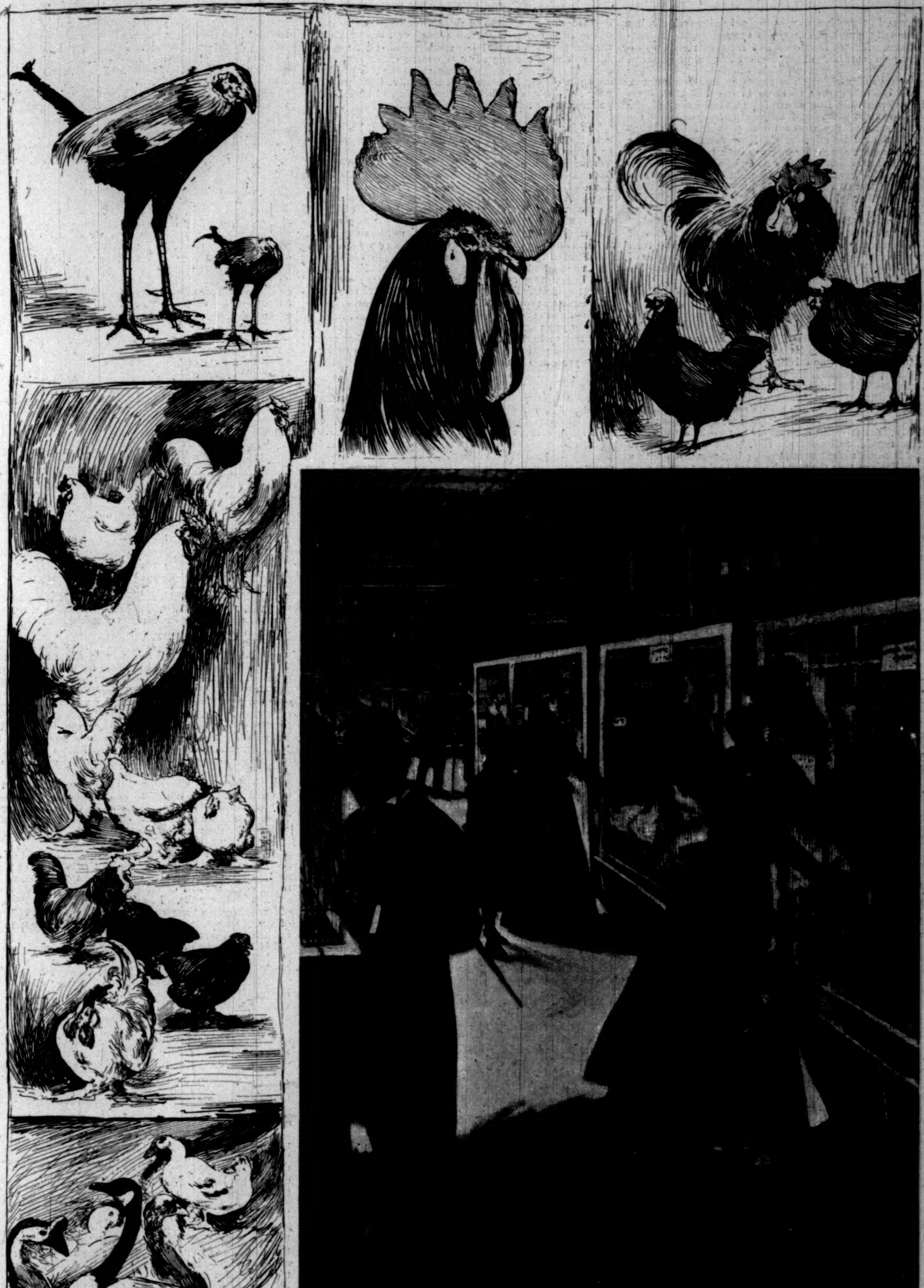
Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, and real Indians from the foot-hills and the desert made up the last division. They all wore genuine costumes, and whatever they lacked in freshness or cleanliness was fully made up in picturesqueness. The procession contained 12,000 persons, and was the finest street pageant San Francisco has ever seen.

The remainder of the Jubilee week will be devoted to receptions by Native Sons and Daughters, a Wild West show, a military review and sham battle at the Presidio, and a parade on Saturday night preliminary to the opening of the Mining Fair. **George Hamlin Fitch.**

San Francisco, *January 25.*



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT MONTEREY.
Photograph by Taber.



THE NEW YORK POULTRY AND PIGEON ASSOCIATION—NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
[See Page 163.]

## MUSIC.

Opera in three languages—not only alternatively, but occasionally simultaneously—is prospering at the Metropolitan. Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis certainly are succeeding in carrying along a short season of doubtful individuality with managerial briskness and with a fair assumption of variety. The repertory, as already noted, is dull enough, except to those in the A B C of operatic enjoyment. But a careful moving about of the same good old pawns and knights and royalties on the chess-board of the weeks to be provided for always catches the public effectively. Moreover, several of the works sung once more for us have been cast to excellent *ensemble* results. We imitate complaisantly the conduct of the good Vicar of Wakefield and his family when Farmer Flamborough aired his old jokes, and they gave them their due of mirth again. Thus far "Faust," "Aïda," "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "The Mastersingers" have been interspersed between the majestic austerities of Nibelungen music-dramas—the latter series having been taken up last Friday night with that gracious member of the Tetralogy occasionally called, in the provinces, "The Walker." "The Mastersingers" has been given a strikingly good performance "all round." The "Lohengrin" evening put Mr. Rothmühl in his best light as a singer. There was a perceptible breath of the Rossinian spirit hovering in the air during the "Barber of Seville" production, thanks, primarily, to Mr. Carbone as *Doctor Bartolo* (a part in which Mr. Carbone is a whole conservatoryful of tradition and Italian perceptiveness and Italian temperament), and, secondarily, to Mr. Campanari as *Figaro*, and to Madame van Cauteren, as a very shrewd and shrewish *Bertha*. In this same work Madame Melba, for whom it was revived, made such a really wonderful effort to act out the sprightliness of *Rosina*, and she sang so fluently, that it seems ungracious to record her work as not successfully Rossinian. But, sooth to say, it was not. It came near it occasionally; but, compared with a dozen *Rosinas* that the town has seen in days not so very remote, Madame Melba was first, last, and altogether, out of her element. The airy gayety, the personal charm, of the irresponsible and kittenish *Rosina* cannot be assumed and conveyed without something a-stirring in the blood that seems not heydayish in Madame Melba's veins. The crystalline, florid music is too delicate for quite so robust a coloratura artist, brilliant as she is in arabesques of vocalism when singing *Semiramide*. It is impossible not to feel great interest in Madame Melba's unflagging resolve to be an emotional artist. But we fear that she will not reach that goal. And, on the whole, is it necessary for her actually to reach it? In "Aïda," too, dramatic aspirations were shown to us in an earnestness that threatens to spoil the loveliest lyric voice of our century. Many a prima donna, with shrieks instead of notes, has thrilled the audience in one scene more than Madame Melba did during all the four acts of Verdi's powerful work. No, no, Madame Melba! Act the heroines of "Traviata," of "Rigoletto," not of "Aïda" or "Otello." Stay suavely among those broken gods Donizetti and Bellini—even if they be but a patched and cracked Olympia. Or, if you burn with immortal longings that their desultory company cannot vouchsafe, do not venture beyond Gounod.

Madame Stella Brazzi is perhaps the most decided acquisition as an absolute new-comer here, when we come to review the men and women that Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis put before us as importations. She has an admirably full and, generally speaking, a firm contralto; she constantly exerts that quality of schooled stage-authority that counts for much. Her diction in Italian is of the best kind. Mr. Guillaume Ibos hardly helps the company in its predicament of needing a good lyric tenor. His voice has absolutely no beauty, nor is his general equipment beyond the routine needs of a goodish French provincial theatre. Mr. Boudouresque is a fairly agreeable and energetic bass. Mr. Staudigl certainly sings as well as he did more than a dozen years ago, when he was a rock of dependence in German performances here; and that was uncommonly rich and sweet singing for any German barytone-bass. He is a superior artist, now as then. Madame Staudigl flashes forth her wonted fire as an actress, if not showing her once full (though always misused) voice. She is a vigorous *Ortrud*, fine in poses and gestures, and is interesting as a link with Wagnerian traditions of directness. Why Miss Toronta, a pretty-voiced and pretty-faced young lady, should be a member of any such company prior to her having learned to sing, to speak French, and to act a little, is a question not officially answered by the management. Beauty is a saving stage-grace except in serious opera-singing, where sometimes, in a literary sense, it is impertinent. Mr. Rains is a valuable young artist in any troupe, and should have a career before him. Mr. Van Hoose is another American of good parts. By-the-bye, Mr. Bispham, one of the finest barytones on any stage, seems to be singing too much this winter for the good of his voice. It needs rest. Only as *Vanderdecken* has he been as resonant and tuneful as is his wont. On that night his superb declamation gave a strange musical charm to Wagner's vehement opera.

The stage-management for Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis is so creditable that it is no pleasure to rebuke it for a flagrant and absurd bit of business in "Faust." It makes no break nor change of scene to the proper church interior after the death of *Valentine*. There is supposed to be a considerable interval between *Valentine's* death and the hapless *Margaret's* visit to the church, where the fiend flouts her and casts final despair into her tortured heart. To have *Margaret* stagger to her feet on an empty stage some two minutes after her brother has cursed her, expired, and been carried dead within the door of their home—to have her drag herself across to the outside of the church to pray under such circumstances—it is all an almost indecent innovation. There must be a break, the suggestion of an interval of time, and a complete change of scene. Then *Margaret* may indeed come to her troubled prayers, and try to say them, kneeling in a corner of the church—*not* on a velvet *prie-dieu*, by-the-bye, but on one of the ordinary kind seen in unseated Catholic churches—or else kneeling on the floor. Not one manager in forty ever puts "Faust" properly on the stage. One thousand and one American performances have never failed in blunders. Particularly often occurs that one in the final tableau, with what may be called *Margaret's* bodily "assumption," instead of merely the spiritual suggestion of her soul's receiving divine mercy and guardianship. The correct succession of the two scenes—*Valentine's* death and the praying in the church—now seems fairly established here; the church scene usually coming after the more effective but less poetical situation. But who can name the *Margaret* that does not calmly keep on with her colored gowns when poor *Valentine* is but a little time slain and buried—economical in her raiment if not in her remorse!

Talking of the Metropolitan opera season, let us note that Emil Fischer, that honored artist in German opera and opera in German, and strong old pillar in New York's first succession of years plenteous in Wagnerian music-dramas, is set down for a benefit-performance this week. None of our servitors in the cause of music at the Metropolitan more deserves such a courtesy. Mr. Fischer, far from a superfluous veteran, is still the finest *Hans Sachs* on the stage anywhere, and sings that rôle with perennial charm, and sings others by no means unpleasingly. He has had an exceptional voice, and still has a good deal of it. Mr. Fischer's professional statistics are typical of the superior and long-lived German singer in opera. He has sung in 3465 performances since his début (in "Jean de Paris") in 1851 at Gratz. He has studied and sung in 161 rôles. He has learned a repertory of not less than 109 operas. Four hundred and seventy-one of his appearances have been in Wagner repertory. He has sung for American charities, including concerts, 73 times, and in America he has nearly a thousand performances to his list. He was naturalized many years ago as one of our citizens.

The Worcester (Massachusetts) County Musical Association has published its annual financial statement as to the fine Festival given last autumn by that stanch old New England institution. The Festival for 1897 was by all comparisons the most artistic and well rounded of Worcester's series of forty such affairs. Programmes and performance indicated victoriously that wholesome shaking up which new influences and changed authority in a Board of Government can bring to pass—even in Worcester. For a long time it seemed as if nothing could advance the musical horizon of the Festival. Its cheerful provinciality and solid self-satisfied comfort in Händel's "Israel in Egypt," and Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, and the awful joy of its audiences over the handsome gowns of women-singers on its star-nights, seemed to deepen about it an atmosphere of tranquil density. Much needing a Dr. Ox, the town seemed unlikely ever to receive his valuable services. There was a sudden overturn in the practical management awhile ago. The excellent consequences were shown in last September's Festival, which did more for the musical credit of Worcester than all its complacent thirty-nine predecessors.

Unluckily, the ill fortune of most high-class musical undertakings has visited the reorganized and revivified Festival. For it seems that the last expenses were $14,056 28, and the receipts $9975 01; or that the ledger shows a deficit of $4081 27. It is, of course, hard luck to be wounded in a fight decidedly good. The admirable moral or æsthetic aspects of a cause do not make the thumps and lumps collected in such a scrimmage any easier to bear or to heal. But those Board members who have labored for the artistic advance of the Festival—to meet in 1897 with musical gratitude from their discerning patrons, and this four-thousand-dollar shortage to be made up, *nolens volens*, by those on whom it must fall—they may at least console themselves in having accomplished a wondrous thing. It is possibly so wondrous that four thousand odd dollars is not too dear to pay for such a rich whistle. They have shown that a Worcester Festival can be made an event of dignity, interest, and sustained beauty, appealing to musical auditors all over the East, and making it worth while to go a good ways, to as attractive a New England city as is Worcester, to hear its annual choral event. It was the warm boast of the old financial management that the Festival "never came out at a loss"—no matter whether anything was sung or played at it advisable as a step forward or not. On this year's showing, the Board are not able to keep up such a gratifying record of pecuniary success. But it is to be believed that this will come, and that anon they will make the Festival an honor and a practical success, too, as never before. This is certain, with an appeal to the public outside as well as inside of Worcester. The Worcester Festival ought to be made, and can be made, aided not a little by geographical position, the most prosperous, the leading, music-festival of the country; absolutely in the van as to its productions and its performances.

The withdrawal of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, a conductor certainly respectable, in every sense of the word, and in the Worcester Festival's history a worker standing out as an impressive figure, will be to the advantage of the Festival. Mr. Zerrahn's disadvantage to it of late has been clear as was his usefulness to it when he was a much younger leader. Musical art moves, but Mr. Zerrahn has been fixed this good while; and, at his years, he may be forgiven a good deal. Mr. George W. Chadwick takes Mr. Zerrahn's place. Doubtless Mr. Chadwick will carry forward an enlivening and aggressive musical policy. Other wise amendments are rumored, and it is to be hoped the best will be brought to pass. It is to be repeated—this old New England Festival has a great future before it if capably taken in hand. That this or that disgruntled ex-official should deliver himself of more or less newspaper correspondence against the new order of things is to be expected. The sarcasms of a just writer in a Worcester journal lately pointed out that the "Anvil Chorus" still must be a ravishment to the ears of certain Worcesterians, who would fain be on the war-path after those who prefer Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima." But we doubt if the dissent of ousted pilots causes the heads that are meditating conscientiously over Worcester's musical honor to rest really uneasily on their pillows, or will make the new guardians of the Festival disposed to revert to the fine old leathern and leaden policy of the immediate past.

The coming dates of the Astoria morning-musicals, a new concert series inaugurated last week, are announced as follows: Mondays, February 14 and 28; and Tuesdays, March 15 and 29. The hour is eleven o'clock. At last Thursday's concert the soloist was Miss Maud Powell.

Mr. Siloti, Mr. Burmeister, and Mr. Rummel are to be added to the catalogue of the mid-season's important pianists; all likely to be a good deal in evidence. Siloti is a technicist of the first order—as he revealed himself at his concert of a fortnight ago. Mr. Rummel never was an artist of great elegance or sympathy, and his undoubted earnestness and intellectuality hardly atone for such shortcomings. Mr. Burmeister, a player of fine sentiment and of no common virtuosity, will be heard again; and doubtless with new local success. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

## THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

From the snowy and wind-swept street it is pleasant to step into the warm galleries of the Academy of Design, where the walls are aglow with the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society. For the most part they are the gleanings of the summer vacation—fresh and spontaneous, with no suggestion of the heavier atmosphere of the studio. They make no strong appeal to the emotions, but entice one to gladsomeness, or that dreamy kind of sadness which is itself a pleasure. One picture, however, strikes a deeper note—Albert Herter's "Sorrow." It contains two figures—a lady sitting upon a sofa covered with stamped leather of rich brown and gold and green color, with a discarded book at her side, and a man kneeling upon the floor, his head buried in her lap. Both are in black, and her face is eloquent of a recent grief, whose bitterness is assuaged by their mutual love. So much for the "story," as words can interpret it. But the artist has imparted to it, by the tender drawing and rich harmony of the subdued tones, a pathos which is untranslatable into words. The mysterious depth of the dark coloring and the beautiful rendering of the face and hands justified its selection by the jury for the honor of the Evans Prize. However, it was not executed in this country, and so did not fulfil one of the conditions, and a second selection conferred the prize upon C. Harry Eaton's "The Brook." This is a scene in early summer, when the greens of meadow and trees are still vivid and moist. The tones are so varied and cleverly blended that, though the picture is brilliantly green, there is no harshness.

Many men show a disposition to confine themselves to the expression of a single phase of nature. They succeed in giving to it a delightful sentiment, but still one cannot help feeling that an artist loses much by always looking out on nature through one window at precisely the same time of the year and day. We tire of a one-stringed instrument, of a bird that pipes on one note, and even of an artist who harps upon a single theme. Of this there are many examples in the present exhibition. It is common to hear a bystander exclaim, "Of course there's another such and such by So-and-so." Where the theme is trivial it is the greater pity. Happily, for the most part the man's hobby is a serious and worthy one, but it is none the less a narrowing of his possibilities. There is no question that the public encourage the artist in these restrictions, for the pictures sell; and here is where, sooner or later, Nemesis comes. The public and the artist are accomplices in the mistake, and it is the artist who suffers, for the public refuse at last to take anything from him but what they have decided he shall do; and then a few years bring another generation that knows not Joseph, and his vogue is gone. It is needless to mention names. Any one who visits the exhibition can find them for himself, and for those who do not the value of the point that is urged will not be increased by examples.

It is pleasant to note that Henry B. Snell is not one of these. He has a great many exhibits, but there is a wide diversity in their subjects and style. He represents, for example, in "A Passing Sail," the blue-blackness of night pierced by the needle-point of a ship's light, and as one peers into it the hull and spars and sails loom out. In another frame is an effect of luminous darkness, with a rocky coast, a swirl of almost phosphorescent surf, and a few wheeling gulls. Elsewhere he represents the hulk of an old wooden three-decker bathed in the soft splendor of a rosy sunset, her labors done, and nothing left to her but a halo of memories.

The tenderness of water-color lends itself well to early morning and sunset effects, and these have been charmingly expressed in various ways by C. Morgan McIlhenney, W. L. Lathrop, Miss Alice Cushman, Charles M. Dewey, Henry Farrer, James D. Smillie, Ross Turner, Alexander Schilling, William L. Sontag, Jr., Will S. Robinson, and several others. But an equal charm of this medium is its brilliance and transparency. Among the examples of this is "The Passing Shower" of Arthur C. Parton, which catches that moment after rain when the sky is vividly clear and the wet foliage gleams with brilliants. Another is "On the Rio Verde," by Fernand Lungren, which basks in dry sunlight, or George Wharton Edwards's studies of Dutch girls, whose quaint starched caps and costumes sparkle like the furniture and utensils in cold white light.

Still another charm of water-color is its ability to fix rapidly a fleeting impression, the result being a sketch which does not look unfinished. A happy example of this is E. J. Holslag's "Fishing-Boats, Venice," a bouquet of bright colors blended to softness in the moist heat of the atmosphere.

There are many very excellent studies from life. Mrs. Rosina E. Sherwood has a charming portrait of a child, and William J. Whittemore a figure of a little girl, which he calls "Crocus," with a beautifully earnest face surrounded by red hair. L. C. Earle shows two strong character studies—one of a fisherman, the other of an old man mending golf-sticks—and E. S. Martin a cleverly lighted and well-drawn head of an old fellow lighting his pipe. "Doris," by George W. Maynard, is a very interesting variation of a favorite theme of his. Only the breasts and head of the sea-nymph are visible above the wave, floating like a piece of flotsam. G. R. Barse, Jr., gives the title of "The End of the Day" to the figure of a girl poised in mid-air with a filmy drapery curling like thin smoke around her, and a soft gray sky behind, with a bar of saffron light across it. It is very decorative, and saved from over-sweetness by the strong and simple drawing of the figure.

It would be an unpardonable omission to close this summary without a tribute to the fantastic but exceedingly artistic decoration of the galleries, under the supervision of Walter Satterlee. Charles H. Caffin.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

**Mayor Van Wyck** has defeated for the present the project of turning over the Hall of Records to the National Historical Museum. Whatever else may be thought of his action in the case, there is a sound basis for regretting mischance to a plan that, if carried out, would insure the preservation of the oldest and most historic public building in New York. What is now the Hall of Records began its existence in 1758 as a debtors' prison. It was used by the British during the Revolution as a military prison, and many American patriots died in it under supervision of Provost Marshal William Cunningham, of infamous memory. It was used in 1830 as a place of deposit for the county records, in 1832 as a cholera hospital, and soon after was altered and adorned and put to its present uses. It is the only public building in New York which antedates the Revolution. It is within the possibilities that it may be sacrificed to the convenience of users of the Brooklyn Bridge, but from that fate, if it should become imminent, there would undoubtedly be a strong effort to save it.

The City Hall Park and its older buildings have to keep up a constant struggle for existence. Already the park is an object-lesson of the irrepressible tendency to steal park lands for building purposes. Is there another building in New York that is more in the way than the Post-Office? It was the right of New-Yorkers to stand in the City Hall Park and look down Broadway, with St. Paul's Church and church-yard in full sight. For what a mess of granite that right was bartered!

The faculty of the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, in Pittsburg, is reported to have run down the bacillus of poker in that institution. The accuracy of the reports cannot here be assured, but fifteen cases seem to have been discovered, of which some were slight and made quick recoveries, only four being serious enough to require separation from the institution.

This is painful news. A man may play poker sometimes and still be a Christian and a very good man; but for a theological student who had been caught playing poker to convince a faculty of Presbyterian ministers that he was a predestined preacher would of course be so difficult that success in it would smack of the miraculous. No doubt the Pittsburg faculty did well to discard those four. The associations of poker are so bad that there is a fair presumption against the presence, in any ecclesiast of less rank than a bishop, of grace enough to neutralize the sinfulness of that game. Theologians still in the pupillary stage ought not to attempt it.

It is rather surprising to read that 104,388 Scotchmen have complained by petition to Queen Victoria that the words England and English are often used in official documents where Britain and British ought to be used. What is surprising is not that the Scotchmen should not like it, but that this ground of complaint should exist. Most reasonably careful writers in America are discriminating in their use of these words, though there are some instances in which England stands for the whole British Empire and the United States to boot. There is no British language; no American language. England has managed to spread her name over the whole dictionary.

Tennyson's "Brook" did not really go on forever. The biography does not say so, but we all know how it is about brooks. When the woods have been cut off they form a habit of drying up in summer.

Neither will the Fayerweather litigation go on forever. That will end sometime too (or at least there will be lulls in it), though no longer ago than last month it was in a state of easy continuance, and three respected lawyers argued one day in a demurrer in the United States Circuit Court in New York.

There really seems to be a great field for the inculcation of tolerance in Prohibitionists, and especially in such advocates of total abstinence as are influential in the various churches. The *Tribune* prints a despatch dated "Baltimore, January 30," which says that Dr. Joseph Smith, a former Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and pastor emeritus of a Presbyterian church in Baltimore, declines absolutely to conduct the communion service in his church because in that church the use of unfermented wine has been made compulsory. There seems to be basis in this report for the suspicion that Presbyterian moderators no longer moderate as effectually as they once did. It is conceivable that in a large church, where some communicants prefer unfermented wine and others not, practical arrangements might be made whereby these individual preferences might all be respected. It is just as unreasonable to compel ordinary church-members to use unfermented wine as to oblige teetotal church-members to use ordinary wine. If some satisfactory compromise is not reached on this and kindred differences, we may yet see the Presbyterian Church split in two on the liquor question.

The two most famous men in the world are out of health and subject to much physical discomfort, but neither seems likely as yet to let go his hold on life. Gladstone, at eighty-eight, suffers from neuralgia, but the latest reports about his condition are not alarming. Bismarck, far on in his eighty-third year, suffers much from pain and insomnia, but at last accounts (January 31) his health was improving.

Mrs. Cornelia Walter Richards, who died in Boston on January 30, was a sister of Lynde M. Walter, who founded the *Evening Transcript* and was for thirteen years its editor. While her brother continued to manage the paper, and especially during the protracted illness which closed his life, she became a contributor to the *Transcript*, and showed such aptitude for the work that after Mr. Walter's death the editorship was offered to her. She was then less than thirty years old, but she took the place, and continued for five years to edit the paper, not a little to the displeasure of some members of the newspaper profession, who were adverse to allowing newspaper-making to be included in the sphere of woman's work. The *Transcript* prospered under her direction, and when, being about to be married, she gave up her position, editorships in other cities were offered to her. It must have been in 1844 that she first became editor of the *Transcript*. Up to that time, so far as is known, no woman had ever conducted a daily newspaper. It has been done since, but not often, the most conspicuous case that is recalled being that of Mrs. Nicholson of New Orleans.

There are those who think that the *Transcript* still gives evidence of the lasting quality of Mrs. Richards's influence. If that is the case, it seems a pity that competent women do not oftener take to editing. The effect of a five years' term of efficient petticoat government on some of our most conspicuous newspapers in New York would be exceedingly interesting to notice.

Something seemed to happen last week to the world's distribution of climate. Up to the time that Dr. Nansen sailed, pretty much all the winter that obtained in the more reasonable latitudes of this country was what he provided with a stereopticon and his polar discourses. No sooner did he put to sea than furs came out on all sides. New York got some snow, and straightway New England was treated to the wintriest storm it has seen for thirty years. On Tuesday, February 1, New York had a chance to learn what life was like without the modifying influences of Boston. The storm stories that have since come from New England break all recent records. From Maine a temperature of 43° below zero was reported, while in Massachusetts the gale of Monday night, January 31, swept down the overhead electrical apparatus on all sides, filling Boston with darkness and tangled wires, and absolutely stopping communication with the outside world.

The newspapers have told the details of this extraordinary storm, which has seemed like an effort of nature to get even after a month of neglect. The mild weather experienced here last month seems to have run to terrific excess in the antipodes. Recent news from Australia takes note of a prodigious and disastrous heat, temperatures ranging from 110° to 124° in the shade, and many fires and deaths, and very serious resulting damage to crops.

There is perplexity and trouble in Baltimore over the legacy of about $2,000,000 left by the late Enoch Pratt to the Sheppard Asylum on condition that the name of the institution should be changed to the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital. The asylum, for the insane, was endowed by Moses Sheppard in 1853 with half a million dollars, and at his death received $665,000 more from his estate. Mr. Pratt, desiring to make further provision for the insane, thought it better to supplement Mr. Sheppard's benefaction than to start a new institution, but the condition about the change of name is troublesome. The trustees of the asylum accepted the legacy, condition and all, and have applied to the Legislature to have the name of the asylum changed. To that there is strong opposition from heirs of Mr. Pratt, who would prefer to have the legacy fall through, from friends of Mr. Sheppard, who disapprove of the change of name, and from disinterested persons who think that neither the Legislature nor any one else has any right to change the name of the Sheppard Asylum, and that such meddling with the directions of a testator is contrary to public policy. At this writing the Maryland Senate has passed the bill to change the name, and the matter is coming up for discussion in the House. It is evident enough that Mr. Pratt was ill advised in the form which he gave to this particular benevolence, and, however the case may turn out, that is a great pity, for the philanthropy of his main intention is clear, and the idea of impairing the efficacy of Mr. Sheppard's monument probably did not occur to him.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, a gentleman of British birth now resident in this country, thinks they do some mighty queer things in the American public schools, and has been making complaint about it in the *Chap-Book*. He declares that Jingoism is taught in our schools most successfully as a regular school subject, in evidence of which he says:

> In every one of the public schools in New York city—and, for all I know, in New York State—the first act of the pupils on reaching their class-rooms is to salute the Stars and Stripes. Then they repeat in chorus this neat and pithy vow, "I pledge my allegiance to this flag and to the country for which it stands—one country, indivisible, with justice and liberty for all."

There is nothing about this declaration which necessarily inculcates Jingoism, but still Mr. Brooks's statement may surprise some readers who are not familiar with the public schools in New York, and who will wonder whether it is true. The birthdays of Lincoln and Washington fall in this month of February. Superintendent Skinner of the Department of Public Instruction in New York State recommends that both days be marked by suitable exercises in all the schools of the State, and has issued "suggestive programmes" for the observance of them. Each programme begins with the salute to the flag by the school, a ceremony the details of which are thus officially described:

> At a signal from the principal the pupils, in ordered ranks, hands to the side, face the flag. At another signal every pupil gives the flag the military salute, as follows, "The right hand lifted, palm downward, the forefinger touching the forehead above the eye." Standing thus all repeat together slowly, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words "to my flag" the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, towards the flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Where a silent salute is given, the flag is borne between the standing lines, or in front of a single line, and the hands remain at salute until the flag-bearer reaches the centre of the room, when, at a given signal, every hand is dropped.

While the novelty of all this lasts it must make excellent sport for the school-children, but though there seems to be no particular reason why it should offend a person of British sympathies, it is doubtless pardonable to wonder whether it is really worth while. Cases have been known where things (Latin grammar, for instance) have been so persistently rubbed into boys as to be warmly disliked always after. It would be a pity to get that retroactive result from too earnest an application of the incentives to patriotism.

Superintendent Skinner's programmes for Lincoln and Washington days included, besides the salute to the flag, recitations, patriotic songs, and "addresses by veterans." Let us hope that the veterans who are chosen to address the school-children on such occasions are judicious men, who can inculcate the love of country and sentiments proper to good citizenship without inflammatory suggestions.

Another exceedingly interesting item about the public schools comes from New York. The writer of a recent article in the *Evening Post* quoted the principal of a down-town, East-Side primary school as saying that the children of the Russian and Polish Jews are astonishingly clever. "I have never met such memories," she says, "in any other race. They can learn anything, and apparently without much effort. Little children who have never been to school before come in here to me and pick up the beginnings of an education in two or three days. I never cease to marvel at them. But they have absolutely no manners whatever, and no conception of them."

That is an interesting bit of testimony, and adapted, it would seem, to be of use to Senator Lodge, in his efforts to regulate immigration.

Mr. Joseph Leiter's accumulations of wheat continue to excite the interest of his neighbors. Mr. Leiter appears to have got together and locked up all the No. 1 hard spring wheat that there is in the West, with the result that the newspapers say the great mills have had to fall back on inferior grades, and are making flour of a darker complexion than has been known in Chicago since the patent-roller process of making flour was introduced. The bakers, cooks, housekeepers, and restaurant-managers complain, but the remedy seems to be to acquire a liking for brunette bread. No doubt it will all come right, in the end, for Mr. Leiter's apparent indifference to his neighbors' comfort by no means goes to the length of an intention to keep his wheat permanently out of the market.

The report from Sweden that Andrée's balloon had been seen in the neighborhood of Winnipeg turns out as experienced Americans expected. It was given out in the far Northwest, by means of circulars and handbills, that Andrée was at large in a balloon, and might be visible. Immediately balloons began to be reported, as they were two years ago in our own hopeful and veracious country. The Swedish Academy put faith in these reports, just as any one would who had not had previous experience.

A good deal of news is coming eastward nowadays from Omaha about the progress of preparations for the Trans-Mississippi Fair. It is all reassuring. The buildings are well along. The season up to February 1 was exceptionally favorable to their construction, and it is given out that they will be ready in time, and be very beautiful. The new fair is to be, apparently, respectfully similar to the one held some years since at Chicago. There is to be a grand canal, bridges, boats, islands, courts, and such things, with fairy-land palaces made of iron and "staff" abutting on its margins. The work is in good hands, and is being intelligently carried out. We shall hear much about it and see many pictures of it between now and next June.

Who is going to that fair? Four Eastern readers out of five will need to look at a map before they answer. They will find Omaha equally accessible from San Francisco and New York, not more than a thousand miles from New Orleans and Cincinnati, and very handy indeed to Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, Topeka, and St. Louis. These latter towns ought to give a good fair pretty good backing, even if they were its sole support.

The project for a university club finds favor among Harvard undergraduates. At a mass meeting of students, held on January 21, it was resolved that the social conditions of the university will be greatly changed for the better by the erection of a building containing a large assembly-room, a trophy-room, a hall for the musical clubs and the debating societies, offices for the college publications and the managers of athletic organizations, baths and a swimming-tank, a billiard-room, lounging and reading rooms, a first-class restaurant and separate lunch-room, and a few suites of rooms to be used in entertaining visitors of the university. It was the sense of the meeting that a club sheltered in such a building would broaden and enrich the individual life of every student at Harvard, and assurance was given to the graduate committee which has the interests of this prospective institution in charge, of emphatic undergraduate support. Then a committee of undergraduates was appointed to find out how many students would join such a club.

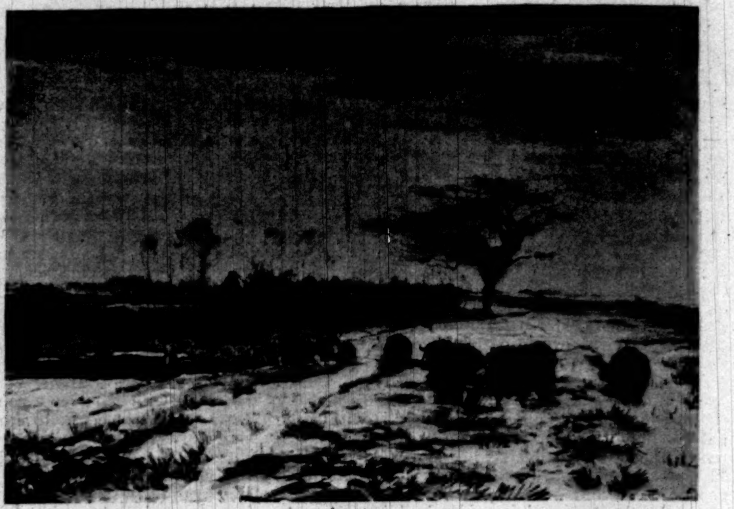
Boston gossips say that Dr. Nansen's American lecture experiences profited him about $20,000, which is said to be more money than any lecturer has earned in this country in a single season for twenty years. Boston gossip in this case gains authority from the circumstance that the managers of Dr. Nansen's tour were both Boston men.

Yale has had the annual "prom," and is wondering, as usual, at its size and expensiveness. It has been as continuous this year as usual, lasting nearly a week, and prevailing intensely as long as it lasted. There is a reasonable concurrence of public opinion that it ought to be reduced, but the problem how to reduce it without missing some of the fun has not yet been solved. One of the most difficult things for a college undergraduate to determine is how much of a good thing is enough. The popular sentiment is that if the thing is really good just enough is all you can get. The present protraction of the "prom" attests the intensity of this conviction.

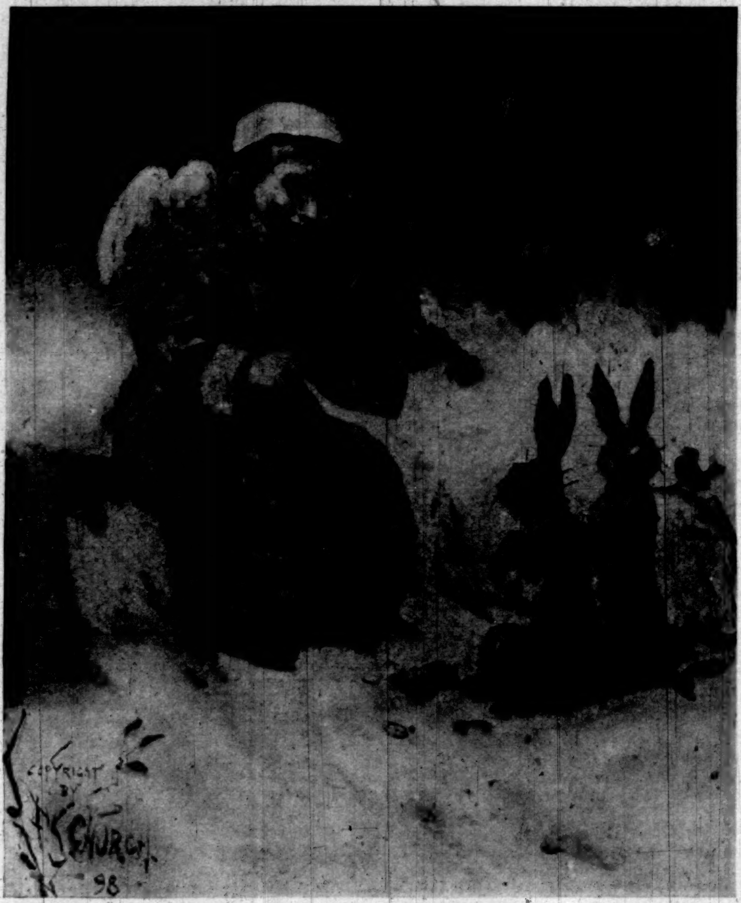
The remission of daily reports as to the domestic affairs of General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, must be grateful to all discriminating readers of newspapers. The news from General Clay's household was neither edifying nor important, nor were the biographical details about his young wife's relatives conducive to anything but nausea and regret.

E. S. Martin.

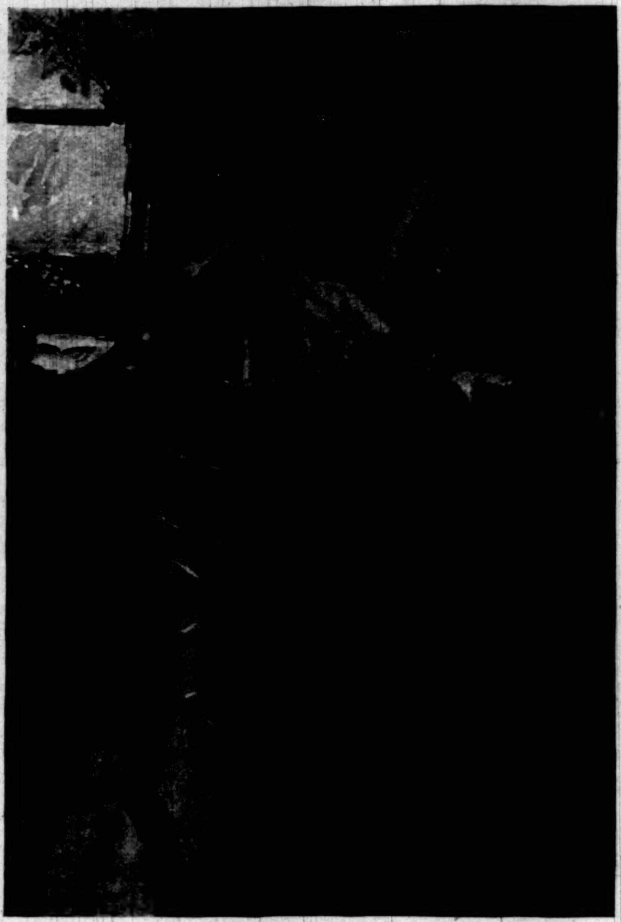
"THE BROOK."—By C. Harry Eaton.
Awarded the Evans Prize of $300.



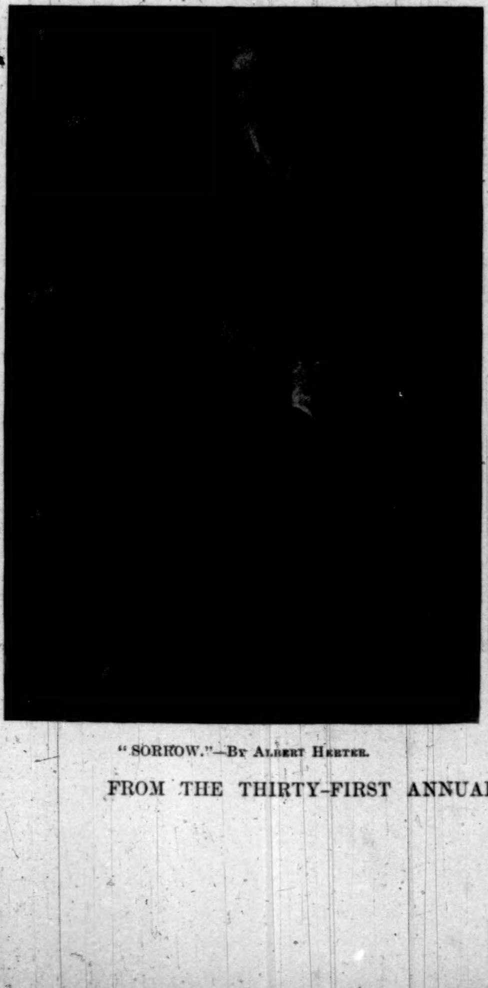
"THE FIRST SNOW."—By Horatio Walker.



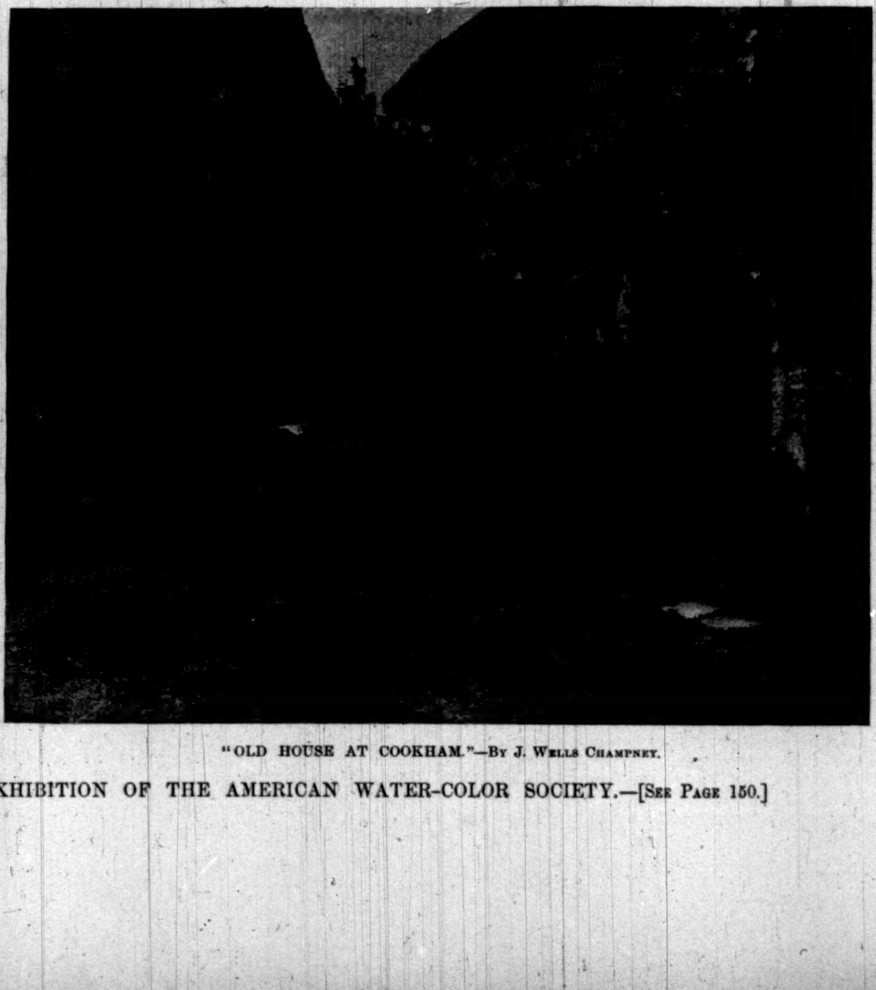
"THE INTERRUPTION."—By F. S. Church.



"READING."—By Albert E. Sterner.

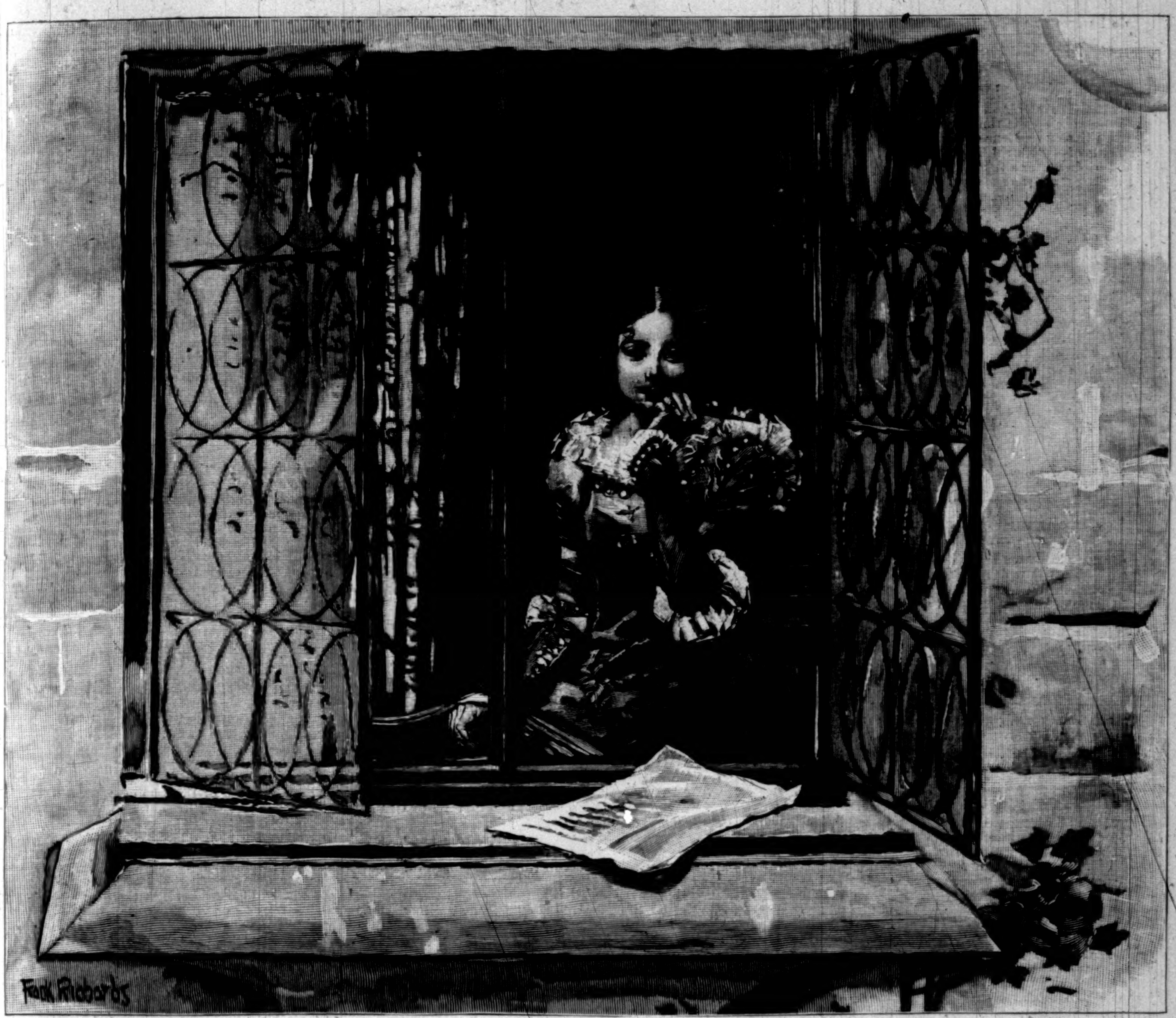


"SORROW."—By Albert Herter.



"OLD HOUSE AT COOKHAM."—By J. Wells Champney.

FROM THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—[See Page 150.]



# THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CHRISTIAN'S ELSA.

IT was about this time, and after we had made our quarrel up, that Helene began to call me "Great Brother." After all, there is manifest virtue in a name, and the Little Playmate seemed to find great comfort in thus addressing me.

And after that I had called her "Little Sister" once or twice she was greatly assured and treated me quite differently, having ascertained that there was the utmost safety in such a relationship.

And as all ways were alike to me, I was willing enough. For indeed I loved her and none other, and so did all the days of my life. Though I know that my actions and conceits were not always conformable to the true love that was in my heart, neither wholly worthy of my dear maid.

But, then, what would you? Nineteen and the follies of one's youth! The mercy of God rather than any virtue in me kept these from being not only infinitely more but infinitely worse. Yet I had better confess them, such as they are, in this place. For it was some such nothings as those which follow that first brought Helene and me into one way of thinking, though by paths very devious indeed.

To begin with the earliest. There was a maid who dwelt in the Tower opposite, called the Tower of the Captain of the Guard. And the maid's name was Elsa—or, as she was ordinarily called, "Christian's Elsa." She was a comely maid enough, and greatly taken notice of. And when I went to my window to con over my task for Friar Laurence, there at the opposite window would be—strange that it should always be so—Christian's Elsa. She was a little girl, short and plump, but with merry eyes, and so bright a stain upon either cheek that it seemed as if she had been eating raspberry conserve and had wiped her fingers upon the smiling plumpness there.

At any rate, as sure as I betook me to the window, there would be Christian's Elsa, busy with her needles.

And, to tell the truth, I misliked it not greatly. Why, indeed, should I? For there is no harm in looking across twenty yards of space at a maid, and as little in the maid looking at you—that is, if neither of you come any nearer. Besides, it is much pleasanter to look at a lass than at a vacant wall and twenty yards of uneven cobblestones.

Now the girl was harmless enough—a red and white maid, plump as a partridge in the end of harvest. She was forever humming at songs, singing little choruses, and inventing new melodies, all tunefully and prettily enough. And she would bring her dulcimer to the window and play them over, nodding her head at the instrument as she sang.

It was pleasant to watch her. For sometimes, when the music refused to run aright, she would frown at the dulcimer, as if the discord were entirely its fault and it was old enough to know better. Then sometimes she would look across abstractedly to the Red Tower, trying to recall a strain she had forgotten, with her finger all the while making the most bewitching dimple on her plump cheek. It was most sweet and innocent to see. And withal so entirely unconscious that any one was watching her.

I confess that I sat often and conned my book by the window long after I knew my portion by heart, in order to watch her deft fingers and the play of her dimples. But on my part also in all innocence, and wholly thoughtless of guile.

Then would I be taken with a spasm of desire to play upon the recorders of the flute, and would pester my father to let me learn.

Now I never had any more ear for music than a deal board that had knot-holes in it. I had ears indeed. But the clatter of the millwheel and the lapper of water on the stones of the shore were ever better music to me than singing or playing upon instruments. Nevertheless, at this time, for some reason or other, I was in a great fret to learn.

And, curiously enough, my desire made the Little Playmate call me "Great Brother" more assiduously than ever. Though again I knew not why.

But Christian's Elsa she could not abide either sight or mention of. Which was passing strange in so sweet and charitable a maid as our Helene. Also, the girl at the guard-house was a good daughter, besides being particular of her company, and in that garrison place untouched by any breath of scandal.

But no, Helene would have none of her.

"*Feech!*" she would say, making a little grimace of disgust which she had brought with her from her northern home; "that mewling cat, purring and stroking her face in the window, I cannot abide her. I know not what some folks can see in her. There are surely more kinds of blind men than those that wait about kirk doors with a board hung round their necks saying, 'Good people, for the love of God put a copper in this wooden platter.'"

"Why, Little Playmate, what ails thee at the maid? She is a good maid enough, and I am sure a pretty one."

So would I say to try her. Whereat the lass, being slender herself, and with a head that sat easily on her shoulders, would walk like the haughty little Princess she was, and thrust her chin so far forward that even the pretty round of it bespoke a pointing scorn. And the poutlets would come and go on her red lips so quickly that I would come from the window, leaving my book and Christian's Elsa, and a thousand Elsas, just to watch them.

"So, Great Brother," Helene would say, "you think she is pretty, do you? 'Tis interesting for sure. As for me, I see not anything pretty about her. Now there is Katrin Texel; she is pretty, if you like. What say you to her?"

And this was because the minx knew well that I never could abide Katrin Texel—a girl all running to seed like a shot stalk of rhubarb, who would end up in the neighborhood of six feet in height, and just that fine figure of a woman which I never could abide.

"*Feech!*" I would say, copying her Wendish expression. "I would as soon set my feather bolster on end, paint it black, and make love to it as to Katrin Texel."

"You do worse every day of your life," retorted Helene, with petty spite, tapping the floor with the point of one delicate foot.

"And pray what do I that is worse?" I said, knowing well what.

The Little Playmate was silent a minute, only continuing to tap the floor with a kind of naughtiness that became her.

"Katrin Texel would not look at you, charming as you think yourself," she said at last.

"Did she tell you so, Little Sister?" said I, drawing a bow at a great venture.

The arrow struck, and I was content.

"Well," she answered, somewhat breathlessly, "what if she did? Surely even your vanity can take nothing out of a girl saying that she cannot abide you."

But I answered nothing to this, only stroked the mustache which was beginning to thrive admirably on my upper lip.

"Of all the—" began Helene, looking at me fixedly. Then she stopped.

"Well," said I, pausing in the caressing of my beard,

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"what do I worse every day than make love to Katrin Texel?"

Her eyes fairly sparkled fire at me. They were "sweetest eyes" no more, but rarely worth looking into, all the same.

"You go ogling and staring at that little cat in the window over there, that screeches and becks and pats herself, all for showing off! And you, Hugo Gottfried, like a great oaf, thinking all the time how innocent and sweet and— Oh, I have no patience with you!—to neglect and think nothing of—of Katrin Texel, and—and then to go gazing and gaping after a thing like that!"

And I declare there were tears in the Little Playmate's eyes.

"Dear Little Sister, why are you so mindful about Katrin Texel?" said I. "Faith, my lass, wait till she comes again, and I will court her to your heart's content. There—there—I will be a very Valentine's true lover to your Katrin."

For all that she was not greatly cheered, but edged away, still strangely disconsolate, when I came near and tried to pet her. Strange and hidden are the ways of women! For once when I would have put my hand about her pretty slender waist, she promptly took my hand by the wrist, and holding it at arm's-length, she dropped it with a disgustful curl of her lip, as if it had been an intruding spider she had perforce to put forth out of her chamber into the garden.

Yet formerly, upon occasion, when, as it might be, she was reading or looking out of the window, if I but came behind her and called her "Little Sister," I might even put my hand upon her shoulder, and so stand for five minutes at a time and she never seem to notice it.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### SIR AMOROUS IS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

For, as I say, women have curious ways, and there are a good many of them recorded in this book. And many more I have observed which I cannot find room for in a chronicle of so many sad and bad and warlike happenings. But none of them all is more notable than this—that woman, or at least (for it is no use saying "women," every one being different in temper, though like as peas in some things) many women will permit that which it suits them to be oblivious of, when if you ask them for permission or make a favor of the matter they will promptly flame sky-high with indignation. So my advice to the young man who honestly goes a-courting is to keep talking earnestly to occupy his mistress's attention withal, and progress in her favors during the abstractions of high discourse.

Of course in this as in all other enterprises Sir Amorous must have a certain trading-stock of favor to start with. But if he have this much, 'tis not difficult to increase it by honest endeavor, and, as it were, the sweat of one's brain. So at least I am told by those who have proved it. Nevertheless, for myself, I have used no such nice refinements, but only taken with thankfulness such things as came my way.

And now when I look back over my paper—lord! what a writing about it and about! But my excuse is that many young lads and gay bachelors will read this tale, so I desire to import what of instruction I can into it. And not having the learning of the clerks, I must e'en put in what wisdom I have gotten for myself. For I never could plough with another man's heifer—least of all with that of a college-bred Mess John. Not but what Mess John knoweth somewhat of the lear of love also among the well-favored dames of the city. Or else, by my faith, Mess John is sorely belied.

But where was I in my tale? And if this errant discourse be forgiven, surely I will not transgress again, but drive my team straight to the furrow's end and then back again, like an honest ploughman that has his eye ever upon the guide-poles on the ridge.

Well, the Little Playmate lifted a toad from her waist—I mean my hand—and dropped it as far from her as her arm would reach.

And then after that she ran up stairs, slammed the door of her own chamber, and came not down to our nooning, so that old Hanne had to call her three times.

And once, when I had occasion to cross the court-yard to the guard-house, I saw her standing pensively by the window. But, so soon as she saw me she vanished within, and was seen no more.

Yet, indeed and indeed, as all may see, there was no cause for this fret. For I cared no more about Christian's Elsa than about Christian himself—less, indeed, for Christian was a good soldier and master-at-arms, and taught me how to handle the matchlock, the pistolet, and the other new weapons that had begun to come in out of France. And often upon Saturdays and wet days he would let me spend long mornings in the armory with him, oiling and cleaning the ordnance. Which it certainly was a great pleasure to do.

And what if the little dumpling Elsa, with her red cheeks and her babyish eyes, did run in and out? Her father was ever there, and even had I been willing there was no opportunity for more than a word or a touch of her fingers—well, save once, when her father went himself to seek the bottle of oil she had been sent to fetch, and was some time finding it. But even that was a mere nothing, and might have happened to any one.

But when I came home again that night you would have thought that the whole happening had been printed legibly on my face. The Little Playmate would not let me come within a hundred miles of her. And it was "Keep your distance, sirrah!" not perhaps said in words, but expressed as clearly by the warlike angle of an arm, the contumelious hitch of a shoulder, or the scornful sweep of a skirt.

And all about nothing! Mighty Hector! I never saw such things as women.

And yet in her good moments she would call me "Great Brother," and tell me that she thought only of my future welfare, desiring that I should not compromise myself in any entanglement with those that were not worthy of me. Oh, a most wise and prudent counsellor was the Playmate in these days.

And I used ever to say: "Helene, when I am truly in love I will e'en bring her here to you, and, by my faith, if you approve not—why, there is an end of the matter. Back she goes to her mother like a parcel of returned goods—aye, if she were the Kaiser's daughter herself."

Whereat she pouted and was not ill-pleased.

"Ah, my man," she would reply, "after a girl hath said you nay a time or two, it will bring you down from these high notions, and be much for your soul's good!"

But yet, when I could keep her in good-humor, it was exceedingly sweet to bide quietly in the house with the Little Playmate—far better than to gad about with Texels and meandering fools, which indeed I did oftentimes just because it made my little lass so full of moods and tenses—like one of Friar Laurence's irregular verbs in his cursed Humanities. For there is nothing so variously delightful as a woman when she is half in love and half out of it—more interesting (say some) though less delightful than when she is all and whole in love. Nevertheless, there are exceptions, and one woman at least I know more various, and more delicious also, since love's ocean hath gone over her head than ever she was when, like a timid bather, she shivered on the brink, or made little fearful plunges, as it were, knee-deep, and so ran out again.

But I am not come to that in the story yet.

Well, on the afternoon of the next day, who should come to the house in the Red Tower but our Helene's gossip, for this week at least her bosom friend, Katrin Texel. She was even more impressive than ever, and also a little pleasanter to behold. For her angles were clothing themselves into curves, and she was learning, perhaps from the Little Playmate, to leave off bouncing into a room like a cow at the trot, and to walk sedately in instead. By-and-by I knew she would sail in like a towered galleon from the isles of Ind. For all that, she looked not ill—an academic study, one might say. But to make love to—why, as Helene was wont to remark, *Feech!*

And the curious thing about Katrin Texel was that though her corporal part might be a direct inheritance from her Burgomeister father and his substantial brewery, her spirit had been designed for an artful fairy of half her size, in order that it might go pirouetting into airy realms of the imagination. For she was gay enough and lightsome enough in her demeanor. She came in with a skip which would have been entrancing in some elvish mignone who could dance light-foot on spring flowers without crushing them. But when this our solid Burgomagisterial Katrin tripped in it nearly drove me wild with mirth. For it was as if some bland maternal cow out of the pasture had skipped with a hop and a circle of flying skirts into a ball-room, or a butterfly of two hundred pounds' weight were flitting from flower to flower.

And this Katrin talked in a quick, light voice, with ups and downs and skips and quivers in it, as spring-heeled as a chamois goat on the mountains of the south.

"Ah, Tiny-chen," she would cry, as she came in, to our Helene, "is it you, sweetest? 'Tis as sweet to see you as for birds to kiss on bough! I have danced all day in the sunshine just to think that I should come to see you! And tell me why you have not been to visit me. Ah, bad one—cruellest—as cruel as she is pretty" (appealing to me), "is she not? And there Michael, great oaf, sits at home desolated that he does not hear her foot on the stairs. The foolish fellow tells me that he listens for four little pitapats every time I come up from the court-yard, and is disappointed when there are only my poor two."

And Katrin becked and nodded and set her head to the side—like to the divine cow playing at being little Jenny Wren.

And as for me, I kept my gravity—or, rather, how could I lose it, hearing such nonsense about that great beer-vat Michael Texel?

Michael Texel, indeed! I should admire to hear of Michael Texel so much as raising his eyes to the Little Playmate. Why, I would stave him on the open street like a puncheon of eight, and think nothing of the doing of it.

Michael Texel, indeed!

But I am forgetting. My business at this time was to make love to Katrin, so that I might banish the ill impression which Helene had formed concerning that pleasent, harmless little Christian's Elsa over there. I never heard anything so foolish in my life. But, then, what women will think passes the imagination of man.

Michael Texel, indeed!

The thought of that young man of beef and beer recurred so persistently and forcibly to me that for a time I could scarce command myself to speak civilly to his sister. Though of course she was quite different, being a woman, and informed with such a quick and dainty spirit that at times it seemed as it had been imprisoned in her too massive frame, "in subjection to the flesh," as the clerics say. God wot, I never knew I had so much recollection about me till I came to write. If I do not have a care, this tale of mine will turn out almost as good as a book of devotion which they set children to read on saints' day to keep them from being over-happy.

But I subdued my feelings, and drew up somewhat nearer to Katrin.

"My Little Sister"—so I began, cunningly, as I thought—"my Little Sister Helene is, indeed, fortunate to have so fair a friend, and one so devoted—"

"As my brother Michael—yes," she said, with her most ponderous cage-bird manner. "Yes, indeed, he *is* devoted to her."

"No," said I, hastily (confound the great hulking camel!). "I mean such a faithful friend as yourself. I, alas, have no friend. I am cut off from all society of my kind. Often and often have I felt the weight of loneliness heavy upon me in this darksome tower."

I saw Helene rise, go to the window, and glance across with such a peculiar smile that I knew as well as if I had seen her that Christian's Elsa was at her window with her music, looking across for me between each bar. I cannot describe the smile which hovered on the face of the Little Playmate. But perhaps all the male beings who read my book may have seen something like it. All that I can say is that the smile conveyed an almost superhuman understanding of men and their little ways, and, curiously enough, some contempt too.

But I was not going to be discouraged by any smile, acid or sweet. Besides, I had something still to pay back.

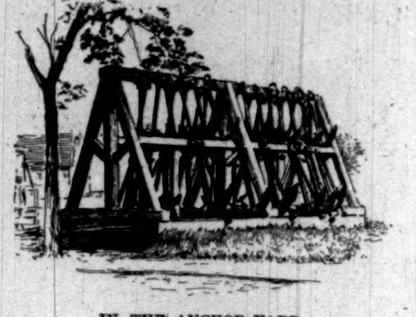
Michael Texel, indeed!—faith, by St. Blaise, I will Texel him tightly an he comes sneaking to our gate!

So again I drew yet nearer to his sister. Katrin dimpled and showed her teeth, with a smile like the sun going about the world, till I had almost put my hand about her shoulder to catch the ends of it when it got round. This illumination almost finished me, for it was not the kind of smile I had been accustomed to from—well, that was not the business I was on at present.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN THE NAVY-YARD, NEW YORK.

To see the Navy-yard at its most picturesque season you must visit it in the spring-time, when the commandant's terraces are abloom with clustering lilacs, and the noble trees sheltering the shot-pyramids and the trophy guns swing in the breezes stealing down the reaches of the tide-smitten river. It is a cheery, an enlivening prospect; for, as you survey it curiously, you catch many a quaint and pleasant vista; you hear the clank of forge and smithy; you hear perhaps the echoing cadence of marching feet, as marine and bluejacket swing sturdily through the wide avenues with drum and trumpet at their head.

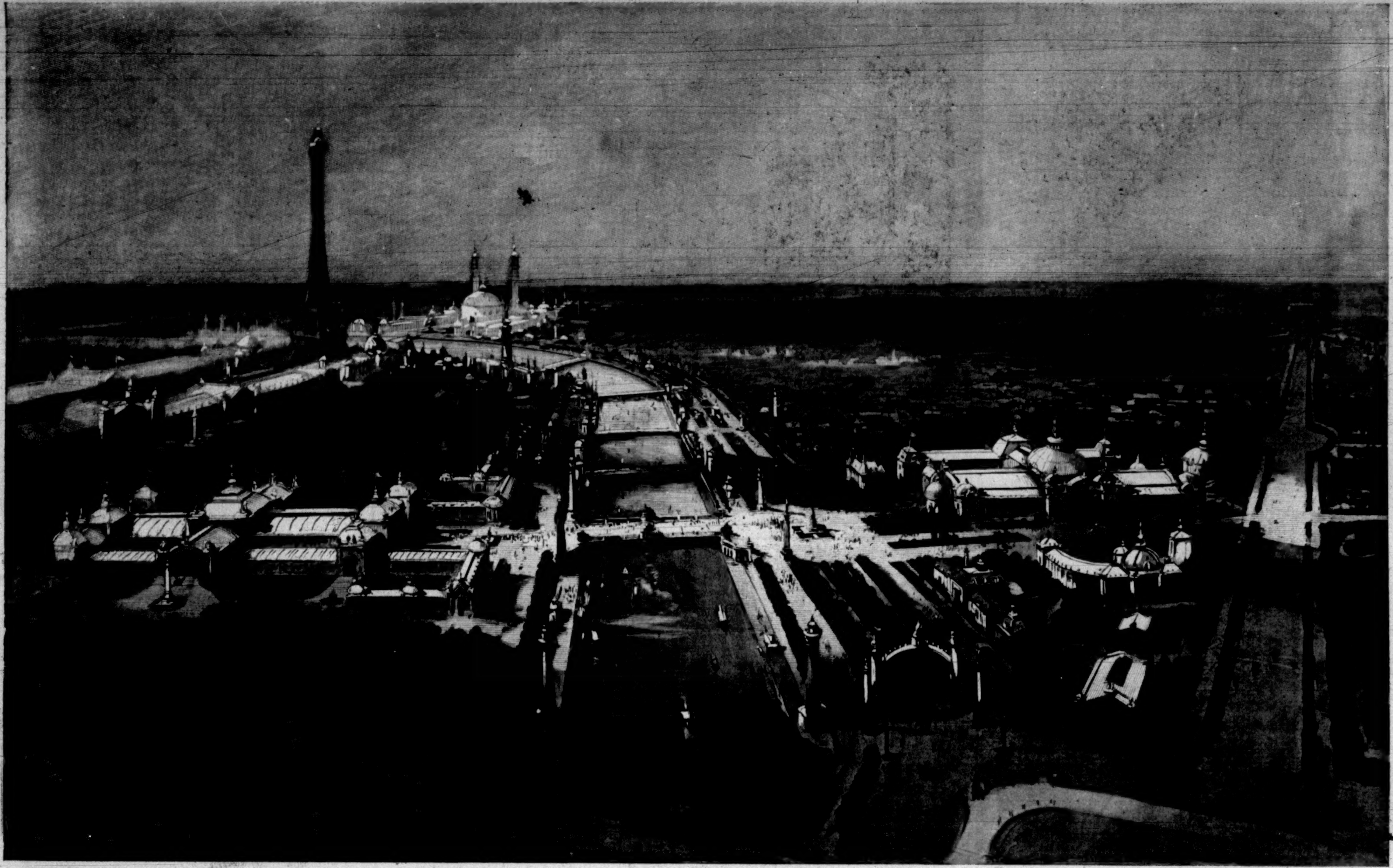

IN THE ANCHOR-YARD.

No jealous screen shuts it out riverward, and its framing is blithe with brisk breeze, with sparkling flurry of squall, with eager current; and you may follow the stream winding northward till it curves with Vice-Admiral's sweep the Grand Street Hook, and is dimmed by the haze where Blackwells Island shoves its reefs and ledges into the dividing channelways. Shoreward it is a land forbidden—a walled town banning the outer barbarian, who sometimes seeks to scale it in search of loot; a palisade offering rarely more than faint resistance to larky sailor-men, whose liberty being abridged, are athirst for something fiercer than canteen small-beer. A massive yellow wall stretching from the river's edge at the Shinbone, through a sad quarter of the town, winds amid a maze of murky streets, until, after many a twist and turn, it wheels suddenly, a half-mile away, to meet the waters of the Wallabout.

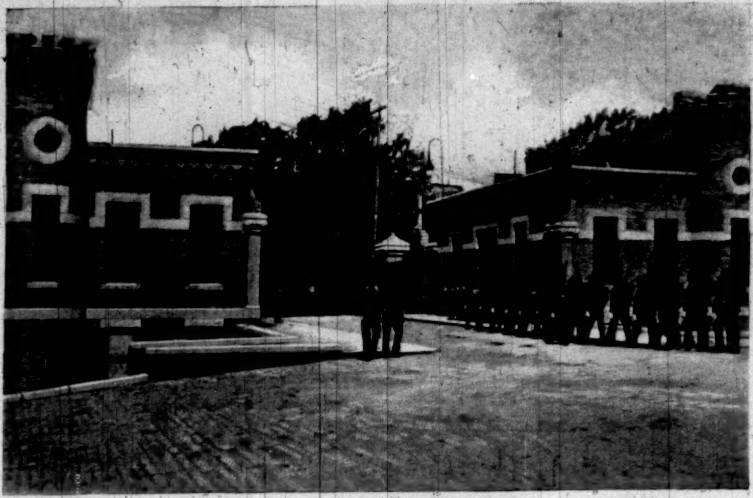
Three gates, archaic in shape and color, and fringed by guard-houses, break this enclosing wall, and if entrance be sought by the newest of these an effective and enduring impression will be gained. The militarism of everything appeals to the literary and color sense—it gives a glimpse of activities which one rarely views and yet fosters among his cherished traditions. The alert sentry, plumb in set-up, trim in person, neat in garb, zealous in bear-walk; the non-commissioned officer, every foot a soldier and worthy of the chevrons; the wary watchman; the heart-cheering ring of rifles; the discredited bayonet's rhythmic sway; the sharp challenge; the quick response—everything here mates the fortresslike architecture of the gate. Beyond, the perspective of long paved avenues, the greenness of little scattered lawns, the trim borders of roads and sidewalks, and the great buildings dominated by the king-posts and swinging beams of derricks—all the neatness and formalism—all are in consoling contrast with the squalor and disorder left behind in this dingy district. Towards the eastern limits of the yard many old-fashioned quarters, each set in its pleasant garden, extend the barrier gracefully; and at its very end a park, half lawn and half parade, shuts out the Marine Barracks from a street dismal in outlook and strenuous with disturbing clangor.

Storehouses, shops, sheds, mainly of brick, painted an aggressive yellow, border these streets with trig precision, and until you learn with what real disregard of utility their grouping has been given they might seem fit exemplars of a plan where use and situation were wedded. Tall chimneys rise from clanking forge and blazing foundry, and over the rims of the lesser houses you may count the pennant-graced trucks, the squared signal-yards, and at times the funnels of the great war-ships, slumbering at the water-front or groaning on the dry docks we view with such alarm. Spaced by fair intervals along the main street we see many buildings. First the old gate, now *taboo* to all save his high nobility the commandant, his family, and his dependents; and the guard-house, given over partly to other restraints than corralling the drunk and disorderly. The officers' club and mess come next, and here after many years of denial the bachelors find a home; and then follows the Lyceum, sturdy and insistent, shorn of its ancient renown as a briny sea museum, and now devoted to the official necessities of the central administration. Opposite to this is the general storehouse, that marvellous shop of tradition, so much quoted, so seldom realized, where everything from a toothpick to a sheet-anchor may be ordered; and finally, though widely separated, the octagonal several-storied offices of the paymaster and the medical officer, each building earnest in its sense of architectural freedom, lucky in fat measures of lawn, and proud of an isolation from all save medicine and money. On the bimonthly pay-day of the workmen it is interesting to note the celerity and accuracy with which wages are paid, and we who hear so much of that perfection of organization in large civilian plants might find something to admire and copy in a system which deals with many intricate accounts, and yet at times has to concern itself with the payment of several thousand operatives in something less than forty minutes.

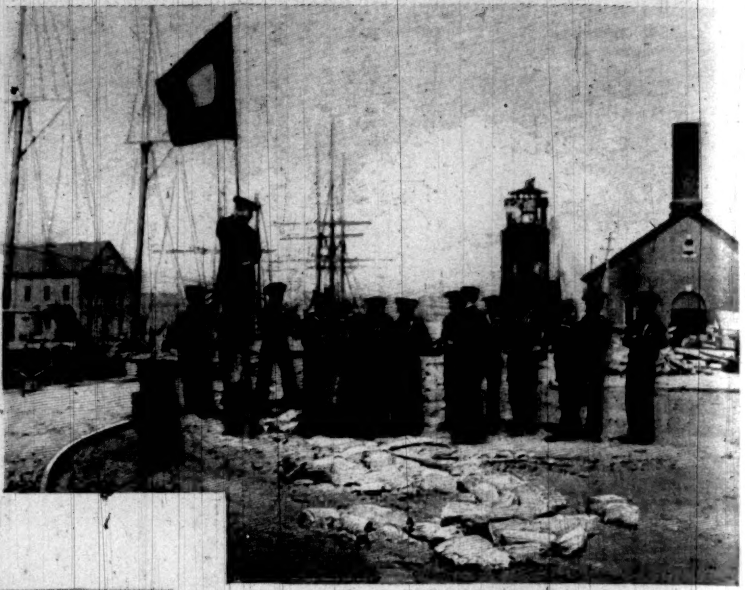
Riverward from the Lyceum, and opposite the ways whereon the *Cincinnati*—that beautiful ship—was built, is the lawn of the trophy guns. Here they are curious but not ludicrous to our developed vision; here are the guns that helped to make history—the long eighteens, and the thirty-twos, and the short and thick and gaping carronades. Not many, but enough to recall the hours when ships fought within biscuit-shying distance, and summer days did not suffice to gain the weather-gage, nor to finish duels; where boarders boarded and pikemen piked valorously, and with a scant dozen of men-o'-war our seacoast men stood up against the eleven hundred odd vessels of a determined enemy. The guns were taken main-



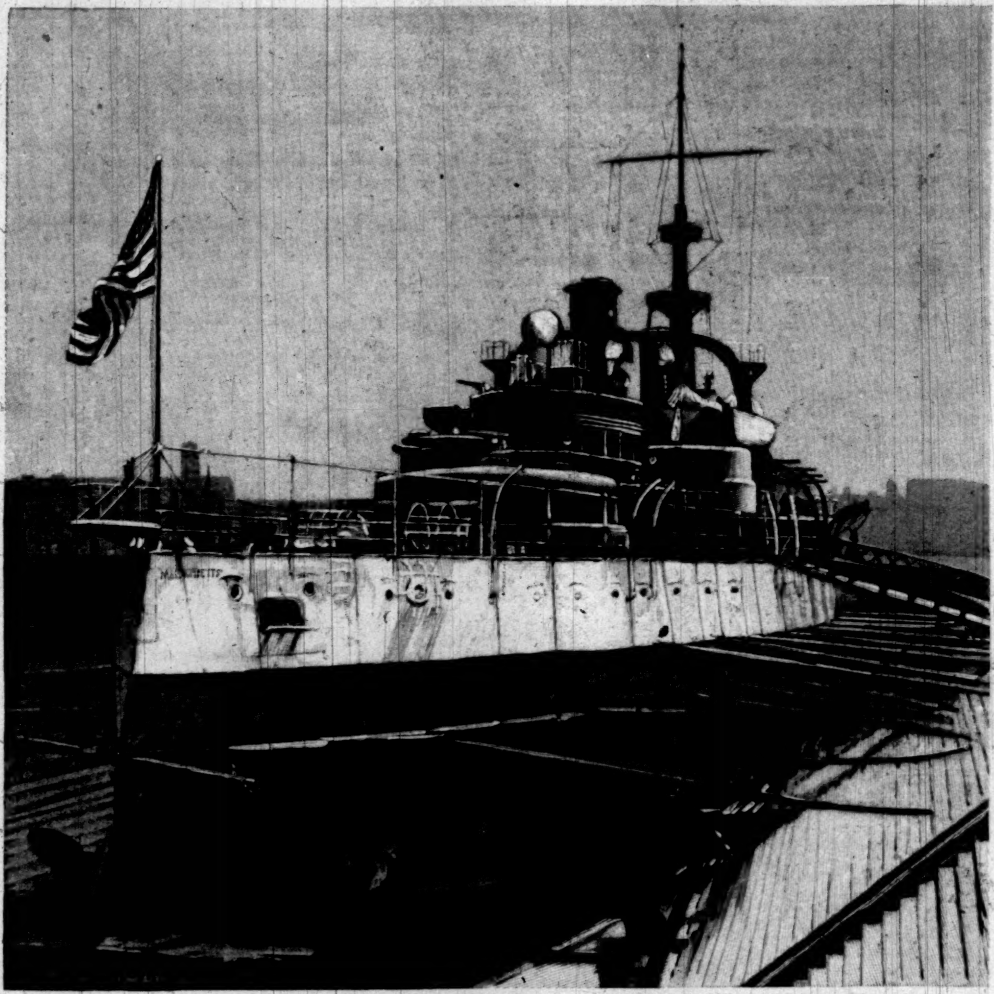
THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 158.]



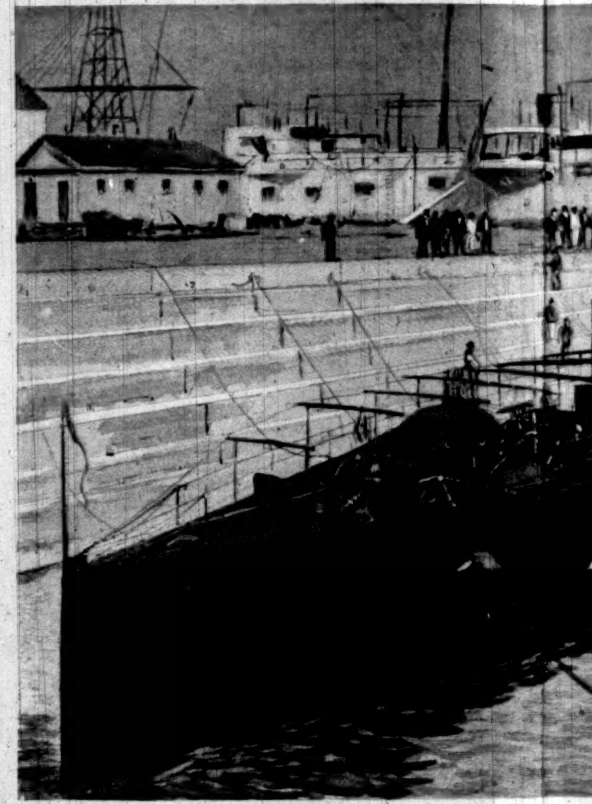
SANDS STREET ENTRANCE—THE NEW GUARD.



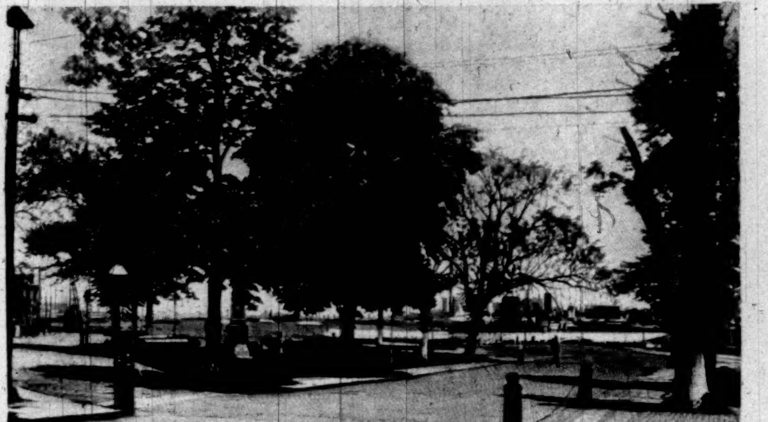
BLUEJACKETS AT SIGNAL DRILL.



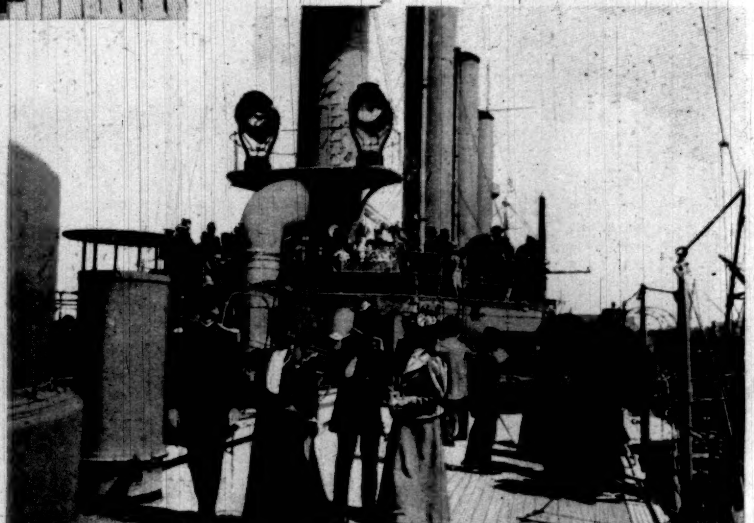
BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" IN DRY DOCK.



TORPEDO-BOAT "DUPONT" G



CAPTURED GUNS.

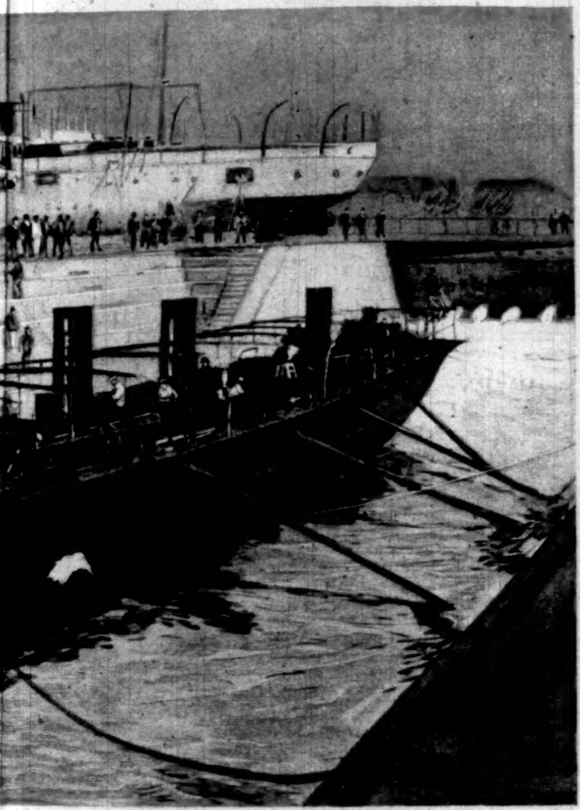


AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION ON THE "BROOKLYN."

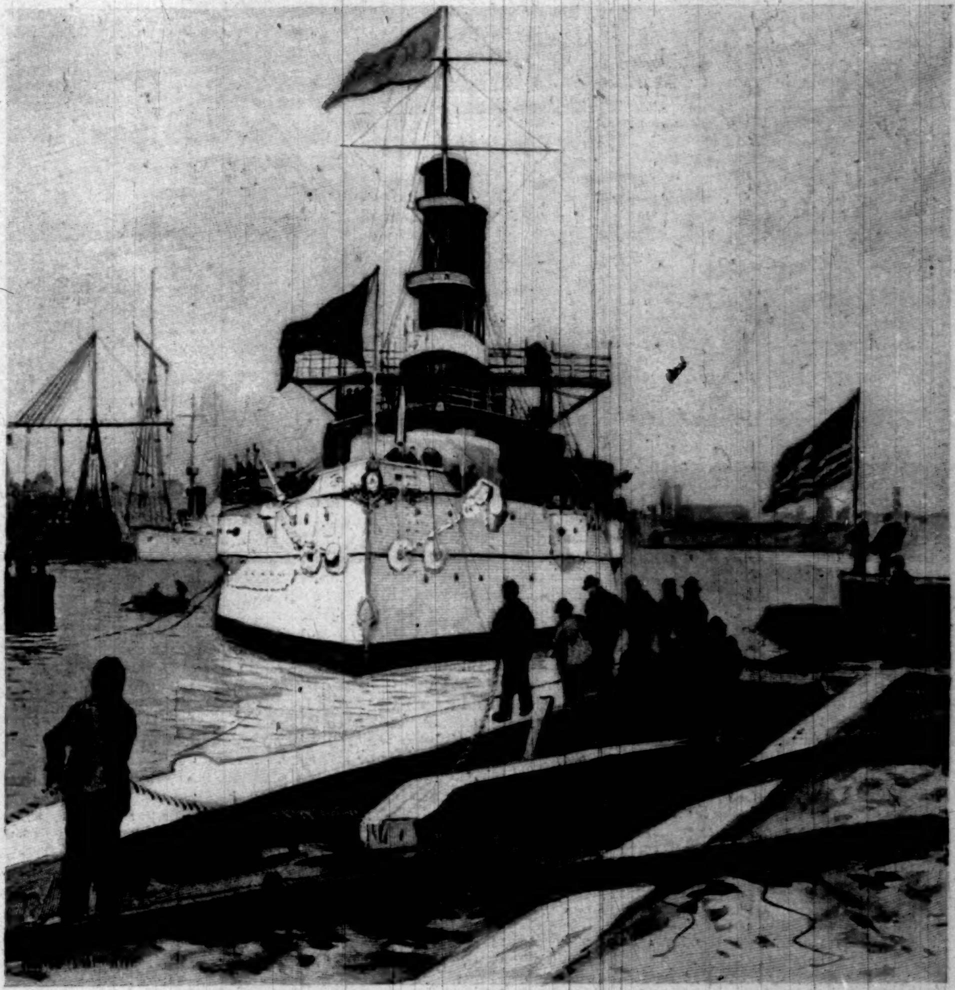
THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—From Drawings b

THE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE.

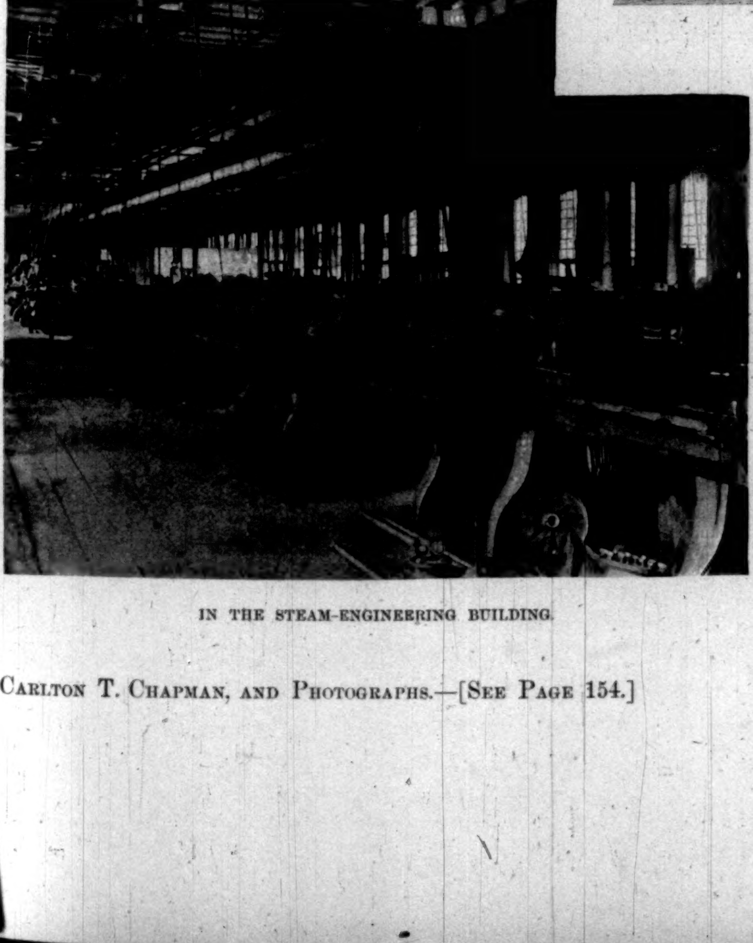
BLUEJACKETS FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS" AT SWORD DRILL.



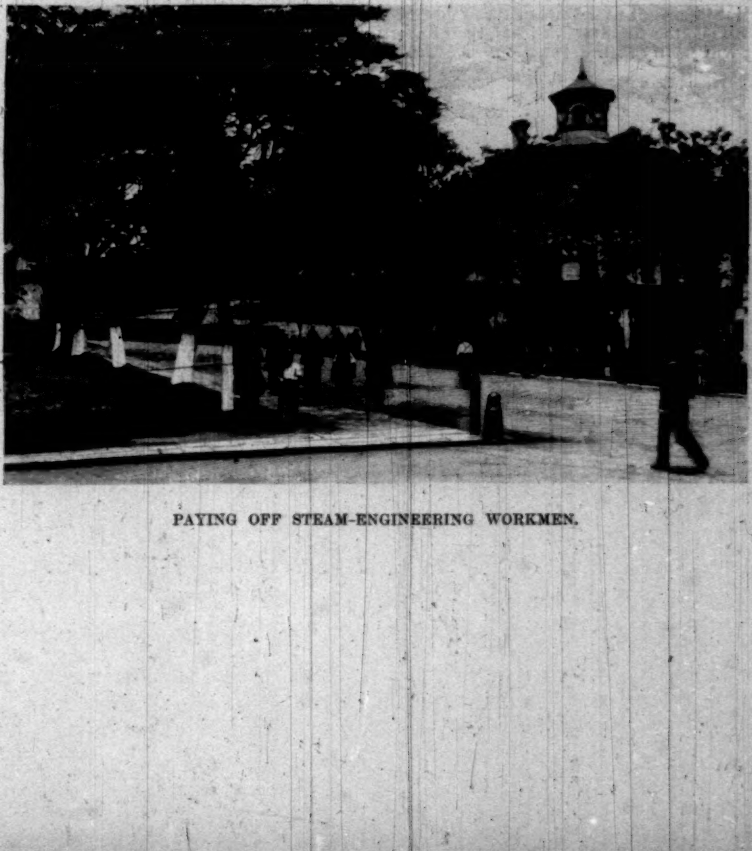
T" GOING INTO DRY DOCK.



BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA"—THE FIRST SHIP TO GO INTO DRY DOCK NO. 3.

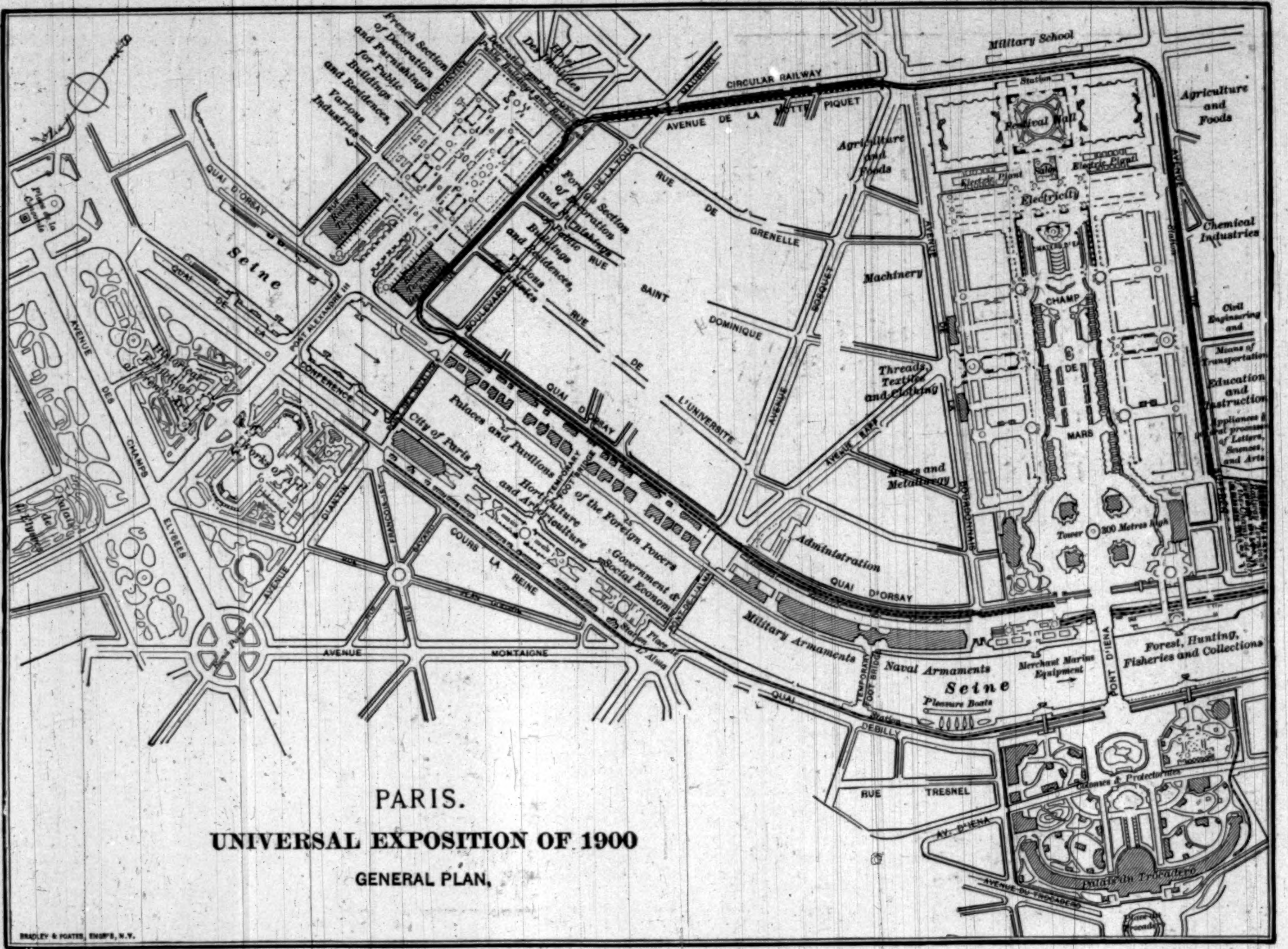


IN THE STEAM-ENGINEERING BUILDING.



PAYING OFF STEAM-ENGINEERING WORKMEN.

Carlton T. Chapman, and Photographs.—[See Page 154.]


French Section of Decoration and Furnishings for Public Buildings and Residences, Various Industries
Des Invalides
CONSTANTINE
CIRCULAR RAILWAY
AVENUE DE LA MOTTE PIQUET
Military School
Station
Festival Hall
Agriculture and Foods
Electric Plant
Salon
Electricity
Chemical Industries
RUE DE GRENELLE
Machinery
Civil Engineering and
Means of Transportation
Education and Instruction
Appliances & general processes of Letters, Sciences, and Arts
Foreign Section of Decoration and Furnishings of Public Buildings and Residences, Various Industries
AVENUE DE LA TOUR
RUE SAINT DOMINIQUE
RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE
AVENUE BOSQUET
AVENUE RAPP
Threads, Textiles and Clothing
Mines and Metallurgy
CHAMP DE MARS
Tower 300 Metres High
SUFFREN
BOURDONNAIS
Administration
QUAI D'ORSAY
Seine
QUAI DE LA CONFERENCE
PONT ALEXANDRE III
BOULEVARD
Historical Exhibition of French Art
Works of Art
Palais de l'Elysée
Place de la Concorde
AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES
AVENUE D'ANTIN
FRANCOIS I
BAYARD
COURS LA REINE
City of Paris
Palaces and Pavilions of the Foreign Powers
Horticulture and Arboriculture
Government & Social Economy
TEMPORARY FOOT BRIDGE
Military Armaments
Naval Armaments
Merchant Marine Equipment
Pleasure Boats
PONT D'IENA
Forest, Hunting, Fisheries and Collections
QUAI DEBILLY
Station
Place de l'Alma
AVENUE MONTAIGNE
RUE TRESNEL
AV. D'IENA
Colonies & Protectorates
Palais du Trocadéro
AVENUE DU TROCADERO
Place du Trocadéro
BRADLEY & POATES, ENGR'S, N.Y.

PARIS.

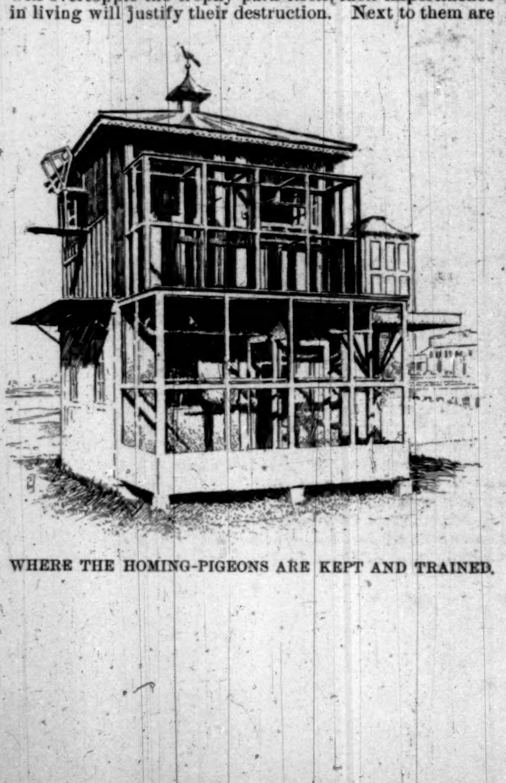
UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1900

GENERAL PLAN.

ly from somebody's kin across the sea, and they are set up here as inspiring reminders of the years when nothing was more dear to the American heart than the navy, and when Yankee ships and Yankee sailors were thought so matchless everywhere that the burdens of song and broadside, and the most cherished stories of national achievement, were the deeds of these deathless die-hards.

At the very edge of this little park stands a marble monument reared by the men before the mast and the men behind the gun of those more virtuous days. It is a very modest shaft, but sturdy as the masts Sir Cloudesley Shovel loved, and ornate in a simple, scrimshawing, sailor-like fashion. Here you may find, in a pathetic enumeration, the muster-roll, name, rate, and ship of the blue-jackets who died off the Barrier Forts, up China way, fifty years ago; and near it is the beak of a ram which ripped up one of our ships in the great war between the States. In this same triangle of greenery are the target and the gun which delayed our development of ordnance and armor for years; and though the laminated plates, perforated like cheese by the shot of the peace-maker, which still gloats sullenly over its work, had once their bad quarter of an hour, they may console themselves with the revenges time has brought, and declare without boasting that only cocksure theorists can say which is in the van of the mad race between guns or plates.

Along the westerly wall below the terraces is a great building wherein are stored the provisions and clothing, and here, too, is the clothing factory. Against this wall leans a row of ancient buildings, very old-fashioned and dilapidated, and surely in their disreputable old age laggards on a stage where every inch of space improperly used is energy misplaced. And when the new concrete dock, which is to be so much the largest in America, burrows into the land near by, and throws a furrow that will overtopple the trophy-park itself, their impertinence in living will justify their destruction. Next to them are the coal-sheds, erected in an extension of the yard which has been known for years as the Shinbone. Why the Shinbone the exact sciences refuse to reveal, though hit or miss misinformation is busy with theory.



WHERE THE HOMING-PIGEONS ARE KEPT AND TRAINED.

Of all buildings in the yard, none appeals so sympathetically, because of its traditions, as the commandant's house. It stands on a terraced hill, and is approached by military-looking roads, one skirting the rim and the gardens, and the other piercing the bluff where it is steepest, and ending at a flight of moss-stained steps that are cool with earthy dampness in the hottest days. On the brow of the hill is a band-stand, sadly out of harmony with the fine old mansion, and a tall staff, which in daylight, year in and out, floats our flag over a little park of harmless guns. Back of both is the dormer-windowed, wide-galleried house where lived and commanded many of the rarest worthies of our race. Here deft sea surprises were invented, and here were planned campaigns filled with strange audacities of the sea that gave undying glory to our arms afloat. The service is rich in yarns of the old heroes in buff and blue who lived here, and one concerns especially this house: So many years had the old flag-officer, in his command of the station, occupied it, that in the end he thought he owned it. And so, when he had slipped to Fiddlers' Green, where all good sailors go, the heirs found in his will that he did formally "bequeath and devise to his daughter Maria his house in the navy-yard, Brooklyn, and all pertaining thereto."

A narrow creek—anglicized from the Dutch into the Wallabout—divides the navy-yard proper from the artificial island known to sailor-men the world around as the Cob Dock. Until the causeway built of late made it a peninsula, this was reached directly by scows or roundabout by a cranky bridge, which, from its perils in stormy weather and the parlous hours of the night when used, was locally distinguished as Cape Horn. The original island was an insignificant mud-pile, and where the filled-in crib-work now yields a fine drill-ground a shoal extended, on whose outer edge lay the old receiving-ships and, in earlier days, the prison ship *Jersey* of infamous memory. Here, too, was the Farewell Buoy—you may recall it in doleful ditties—where outward-bounders lay at the moorings, ready to make sail and slip when wind and tide were fair, and convenient tugs were rarer. Near the Williamsburg shore the ordnance store-houses are clustered behind a park of many guns and mortars, and above these ancient ordnance—these long rows of silenced smooth-bores and muzzle-loading rifles—the Napoleon willows, brought years ago from near his grave at St. Helena, swish in the breezes.

In busy seasons the water-front is lined with vessels, often triple-banked, as sailors have it; and here you may study every type, from battle-ship to torpedo-boat, and, if the dry docks be occupied, get object-lessons in ship design which may spare you much profitless reading. And here also may be seen something of that sailor life which is a sealed book save to the *illuminati*. You may watch Jack at his drills—for these are many—aboard ship and ashore, and you may learn his adaptability to all things when you see him swinging along with his battalion in a landing drill, or skirmishing and rallying in the exercises where street and riot tactics are taught. Wherever you may see him under normal conditions, you will find a fine type of intelligent, healthy manhood, a worthy, unselfish servant of a government that sometimes forgets and often neglects his value as a factor in our national well-being.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

## THE END-OF-THE-CENTURY EXPOSITION.

Scarcely had the affairs of the Paris Exposition of 1889 been closed up when the agitation began for another, to be held in 1900, to celebrate the closing year of a century of wonderful commercial, industrial, and artistic progress. Official recommendation was made on the subject by the French Minister of Commerce and Industry as early as July, 1892, and a decree was issued by the President of the republic in July of the following year announcing "a universal exposition of works of art and of industrial and agricultural products," to open April 15 and close November 5, 1900. A financial scheme was devised by a temporary commission to meet an expense of 106,785,000 francs, or about $20,609,500. The city of Paris contributes 20,000,000 francs, and the French nation the same amount, and the bulk of the rest, or 60,000,000 francs, is to be raised by a popular bond issue. Each bond of twenty francs is redeemable in twenty full-paid admissions, and the holder is entitled to a twenty-five-per-cent. reduction in the charge for admission to places of amusement in the grounds, or a corresponding reduction in the cost of transportation to and from distant parts of the country. Another peculiarity of the bond issue is that in lieu of interest there is to be a fund, equivalent to interest on the bonds, to be distributed in prizes upon drawings, thus affording the attraction of a lottery to the taking of the bonds. The estimated cost for construction is $14,600,000; for advertising, entertaining, preliminary management, etc., $4,000,000, leaving a liberal margin for contingencies. It is believed that the receipts will more than meet the expenses during the exposition.

The site is practically the same as that of 1889, though ninety-six acres more of space are made available, partly by filled land along the banks of the Seine. The total area is 336 acres, which is less than half that of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, but the site is in the heart of the city of Paris, and easily accessible from all directions, which was regarded as essential. It comprises the public grounds on both sides of the river, from the Place de la Concorde to Passy, including the Champ de Mars, the Trocadéro Park and Palace, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Quai d'Orsay, the Quai de la Conférence, the Cours la Reine, and a considerable section of the Champs Elysées. The two sections of the site are to be connected by a splendid new bridge, now under construction, to be known as the Pont d'Alexandre III.

The work of clearing the ground and preparing for the new structures is now going on. Little is to be saved of the buildings of the former exposition. Two art palaces are already going up, which are to be permanent structures, and to cost $4,200,000. They are on the site of the old Palais de l'Industrie, and the larger, or Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, will contain the art treasures of France, and be the scene of future Salon exhibitions. The other is for the display of foreign works. The other buildings on the north side of the Seine will be those for the agricultural and horticultural exhibits, west of the fine-arts palaces, and those for colonial displays, farther west, near the Pont d'Iena and the Place du Trocadéro. But the larger number and more important of the buildings will be on the south side of the river, and largely within the Champ de Mars. Here will be the structures for the display of electrical devices, general machinery, and mechanical appliances, "liberal arts," textile fabrics, and so on, to the products of mines and mining, at the north end of the Champ de Mars, next to the Eiffel Tower. The great building for general manufactures will be at the other end of the site, on the Esplanade des Invalides; and in intermediate spaces along the river and on the outskirts will be the innumerable features incidental to a great World's Fair—villages, streets, places of amusement and refreshment, etc., etc.

The United States was somewhat tardy in responding to the invitation to participate and in making the preliminary preparation, and as a consequence it came near finding itself very restricted in the space allotted to its exhibitors. This danger was averted by the energy and tact of the late Moses P. Handy, who was appointed special commissioner last July, under an act of Congress only passed in the previous month. He spent a few weeks in awakening interest in this country, preparing the public mind, and ascertaining to some extent the wishes of intending exhibitors. He reached Paris early in September, and promptly put himself in communication with the proper authorities. He found the space allotted to the United States to be less than in 1889, on account of pressure from other quarters, and not altogether satisfactory in location and arrangement. By energetic efforts and skilful address he succeeded in having it nearly doubled, and better arranged. The space will be slightly in excess of 200,000 square feet, against 113,000 in 1889. The allotments by classification are not completed, but the following for American exhibits were promised:

Liberal arts, 10,750 square feet; machinery, electricity, and appliances, 48,420; agriculture and food products, 24,748; mines and mining, 7532; manufactures, in four different groups, nearly 40,000; transportation and civil engineering, 17,216. Allotments not determined last autumn were those for fine arts, horticulture, forest, chase and fisheries, social economy and hygiene, colonization, and army and navy. Mr. Handy was finally able to report that he had "every reason to believe that the space accorded to the United States will be as large as that accorded to any other country," and that "in the installation of every important department" this country "will have a location commensurate with the dignity and importance of the country, and adjoining in every case countries of the first rank."

The exposition authorities endeavored to impress upon our special commissioner, and he in turn urged upon the attention of all concerned in this country, that, on account of the restricted space, it was desired to make this in a special degree an "exposition of selection," in which quality and not quantity was aimed at. Only the choice and remarkable or the representative in the highest and best sense is desired, and great attention is to be given to skilful and artistic forms and modes of display. Mr. Handy presented the case clearly, judiciously, and forcibly in his report to the President, and recommended an appropriation of $919,000, for which he presented a carefully itemized schedule of estimates. It is unfortunate that Major Handy's death will deprive the country of any further counsel or guidance from him.

# ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

## VIII.

## THE STORY OF A YANKEE PRISONER OF WAR.

BY COMMODORE ALBERT KAUTZ, U.S.N.

### PART I.

In the month of June, 1861, I found myself a young Lieutenant serving on board the United States steamer *Flag*, then forming part of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. We had only been blockading off Savannah a few days, when one morning we discovered a sail, which proved to be the brig *Hannah Balch*, of Portland, Maine, bound from Matanzas, Cuba, for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of molasses.

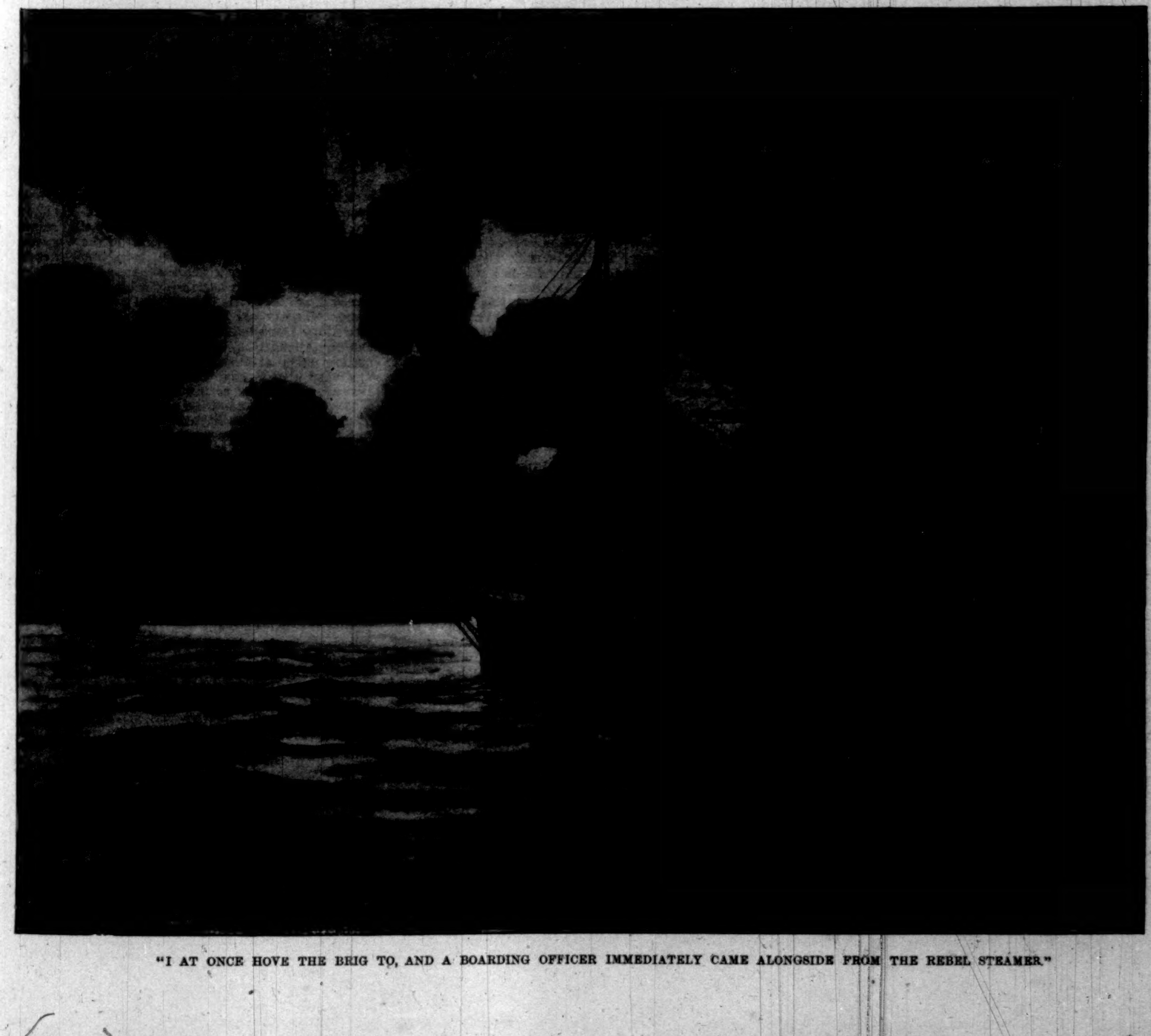
There was nothing exciting in the capture, as the wind was light and the brig could not possibly escape us. We soon overhauled her, took her in tow, and steamed up the coast as far as Charleston. In the mean time the necessary preparations were made for my going aboard with a crew of five men, to take charge of the prize and proceed to Philadelphia.

Ordinarily I should have been quite elated with the command of a prize vessel, but for some reason I was not; it may have been a presentiment of what was to follow that influenced my feelings. While we were making preparations to go aboard the brig the bad luck commenced, as the officer who had temporary charge of her, while I was making preparations for the voyage, carried away both chains and lost both the anchors, so I had to set sail without anchors, trusting to luck to get assistance when I reached port. As my story will show, the anchors proved no loss to me. There was but one event worthy of notice during the first three days of the voyage; that was the drowning of a cat, which had annoyed me greatly by roosting upon the chart, which was spread upon the cabin table.

I sang out to the cabin-boy to take the cat away. He answered, "Where shall I take him?" To which I replied: "I don't care where, as long as you get him out of this. You may throw him overboard if you want to."

It seemed he wanted to; for overboard the cat went, as I found out some hours afterwards. I also found out at the same time that the boy had made a serious mistake, for sailors are very superstitious on this point.

On the morning of the fourth day out, the 25th of June, 1861, I made Cape Hatteras light-house on the port bow, and shortly afterwards I discovered the black smoke of a steamer coming out of Hatteras Inlet. At this time I had no reason to suppose that the rebels had any vessel on this part of the coast, but I knew we had no vessels burning bituminous coal or pine-wood. Things looked suspicious from the first, and I at once put the brig about and stood out to sea, so as to give myself a little more time. But the wind was very light, the brig was only making three knots, while the steamer was coming out at the rate of twelve knots per hour. She soon came near enough to fire a 32-pounder, the shot passing between our fore and main masts. I at once hove the brig to, and a boarding officer immediately came alongside from the rebel steamer. I had already thrown overboard my arms and the mail, as I could see a company of soldiers in gray uniform drawn up on the deck of the steamer. My presence was required on board the rebel craft, and as soon as I reached her deck I was informed that I was a prisoner to the State of North Carolina, and was captured by the steamer *Winslow*, Captain Thomas Crossen, belonging to the navy of that State. The Captain was from Pennsylvania, and had been a Lieutenant in our navy, but had married in North Carolina a few years before the war commenced, and then resigned, as his wife was the possessor of a large plantation and one hundred slaves; she persuaded her husband to take the superintendence of the estate. The Captain soon made me feel at home by kind treatment. I lived in the cabin with him for more than a week, during which time the vessel made several trips out to sea in search of prizes; but I never had the mortification of seeing a vessel taken, and as the Captain had been very successful up to the time of my capture, he concluded I must be his Jonah, and had better go into the interior. I was much pleased with this conclusion, as I had no desire to be aboard the craft in case she captured any of our vessels, and of course this was naturally to be expected at any time. So the Captain gave himself a week's leave of absence, and took me with him. We went to Newbern by boat, and there we took the rail for Goldsboro, where we dined with the Hon. Mr. Ruffin of the Confederate Congress, a son of the old gentleman who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter with such dramatic effect. After dinner we proceeded on to Raleigh. In consequence of our stopping at Goldsboro, the news of our coming was well circulated in Raleigh. This was unfortunate for me, but it might have been much worse. It had never been my fortune before to be welcomed by so many people. It seemed to me the whole State of North Carolina had turned out to receive me. The train was half an hour late, which gave the soldiers time to get drunk. As I stepped off the car I heard anxious inquiries about the cursed Yankee prisoner, and I had no difficulty in determining who was meant, although I had been accustomed, up to this time, to apply the term Yankee to a native of New England only. One large brawny sergeant wanted to run me up to a lamp-post, and he might have been successful had not the gentlemen present succeeded in getting me into a carriage, which took me rapidly to the Yarbough House, where the Captain and I were provided with a



"I AT ONCE HOVE THE BRIG TO, AND A BOARDING OFFICER IMMEDIATELY CAME ALONGSIDE FROM THE REBEL STEAMER."

comfortable room. The Military Secretary and Acting Governor of the State, Warren Winslow, was stopping at the hotel at the time; the Captain introduced me to him, and I found him very kind and exceedingly agreeable. He offered me a parole to go anywhere within the State of North Carolina, and as the Captain had invited me to go with him to his home in Warrenton, I gladly accepted the parole. After spending a few days in Raleigh, where I was kindly treated by many gentlemen to whom I was introduced, we took our departure for Warrenton. I ought to mention here that the night before we left Raleigh, while sitting under the trees in front of the hotel, the Governor remarked to me that he was sorry I had been captured. I replied, "That is a very kind thing for you to say, Governor; but may I ask why you say it?" He answered, "Because I want you and all your navy on the blockade, so that the Southern Confederacy may be hermetically sealed, as it were; then we will have to develop our manufacturing resources, which will make us the greatest nation on the globe." I answered this remark by asking the question, "Governor, do you know of any great nation without commerce?" To which he replied, "We will have commerce after we become great." I said no more, but thought to myself, "You will have commerce before you become great." The Governor then said, rather abruptly: "There is one thing about our people here that I do not like, and that is their ignorance of the Yankee character. They think the Yankees will not fight, but they don't know them. I have served in Congress with them, and know something about them, and let me tell you they are slow to anger; it takes a long time to get their blood up; but when you once get it up, it's hell!" The Governor had made a correct diagnosis of the case.

On our journey to Warrenton we were called upon by the Southern "poor white trash" at every small station. All seemed to be anxious to see the damned Yankee. As I was dressed in a civilian's suit that was in no way especially noticeable, they had some difficulty in identifying me. My captor was dressed in a suit of white flannel, which was something rather unusual for that country, and therefore attracted attention. At one station three or four of these curious individuals came in at the forward door of the car. The Captain was facing them as they looked in the car, but was fast asleep, while I had reversed my seat and was facing the Captain, so they could only see the back of my head, which looked not unlike the head of any ordinary passenger. I was not sleepy, however; somehow or other, I did not care to sleep. I suppose it was because the journey was novel to me.

Our callers made a mistake, as they pointed at the Captain and cried out lustily, "There he is; there is the damned Yankee pirate." And coming nearer, they shook their fists at him, remarking, "You'll be hung sure." At this time the train started up, and our visitors rushed out of the car. The jar of the train in starting awoke the Captain, and I told him of the pleasant things his fellow-citizens had been saying to him. He laughed as he remarked, "That is all right; the remarks were aimed at an Ohio man, and struck a Pennsylvanian." No doubt Captain Crossen often felt very uncomfortable as he heard the epithet damned Yankee used, but he could not resent it.

On our arrival at the Warrenton station we found the Captain's private carriage, which took us to the town, a distance of about three miles. I was treated as a guest in a gentleman's family, and in no way was I made to feel that I was a prisoner.

After dinner I took a walk with my host, who pointed out to me the principal objects of interest in the town. Among them was the residence of old Colonel Eaton, who was at this time enjoying great notoriety on account of his having offered $100,000 and the hand of his niece (a Miss Martha Washington) to the man who would fetch him Mr. Lincoln's head. While in Warrenton the First Regiment of North Carolina Infantry was encamped in the outskirts of the town, and the Captain of one of the companies was my old friend H. A. Brown, who had been with me at the Naval Academy for two years and six months. He came to see me, and gave me an urgent invitation to make him a visit. At the end of two weeks Captain Crossen returned to the sea-shore with his family, and I then spent a fortnight with my friend Brown in camp; and when the regiment took its departure for Virginia, I went to the White Sulphur Springs, twelve miles from Warrenton, where I had a cottage to myself and was kindly treated.

The guests at the Springs numbered nearly two hundred ladies and children. There were but four or five gentlemen throughout the week, but on Saturday evening a number of officers came up from Norfolk, Virginia, to spend Sunday. Most of them had belonged to our navy, and while I had never met them before, their names were very familiar to me.

With two or three exceptions, I was treated very kindly by the ladies, though it was evident that the families of the officers who had resigned from our navy felt they had given up permanent positions reluctantly, and that they had little confidence in the future. We lived well, and I drank sulphur-water, took long walks, played tenpins, slept well, and took no heed of the morrow, having been impressed with the philosophy of a remark I heard an old negro make, viz., "Whatever is to be, is to be, even if it shouldn't come to pass." I had, however, been in the South enough to know that much lawlessness prevailed, and that the only apology required by Judge Lynch was the cry of abolitionist, so that it became any one from the North to be very circumspect.

My indignation, therefore, was very much aroused one day when I heard a Captain Roots, formerly of our navy, cautioning Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the Springs, to keep a lookout on me, as I was from the North, and might raise an insurrection amongst his negroes. I at once spoke to Mr. Jones, and explained that I had overheard the remarks of Captain Roots; that they did me great injustice; that I was like President Davis and the Southern Confederacy—all I wanted was to be let alone. Fortunately Mr. Jones was an old gentleman with good sense, who did not permit himself to become unduly alarmed.

There was one other incident which is perhaps well worth mentioning that occurred during my month's detention at Jones's Springs. One evening a squadron of cavalry from the western part of the State stopped for the night. Some one of the ladies informed one of the officers that a Yankee prisoner was stopping at the Springs, and the information soon became general. I expected a call, but, like Massa Fox in Uncle Remus's story of the "Tar Baby," "I lay low," and kept myself in my room. By-and-by I heard the heavy footsteps of the troopers and the clanking of their spurs and sabres, and I assumed an air of indifference as I lighted my pipe and walked out on the porch as the soldiers approached my cottage. They did not recognize me, however, as the Yankee prisoner, but asked where he was. I told them I presumed I was the individual whom they called a Yankee. They did not seem to credit my assertion at first. They wanted to see the Yankee prisoner, and said that I could not be the man; that I was too white; that I looked like a Southern gentleman; and one fellow said he believed I was fooling them—that I could not be the Yankee, *nohow*.

I finally convinced them, however, that I was the person they were looking for. One of them then asked me if my President was a white man. It seemed to me incredible that men should exist in this country so ignorant as to believe that Mr. Lincoln was a black man, but these men certainly were under that impression. They asked me a great many questions about the North, all of which I answered pleasantly. Finally one of them remarked that he did not see what they wanted to fight anybody for that talked as I did, after which they bade me good-night, and I saw them no more. These people were from the mountains of western North Carolina, fine specimens of physical manhood, but literally as ignorant as horses.

One evening about the last of August two strangers arrived at the Springs. After supper they looked into the parlor where I was playing whist with some young ladies with whom I had become quite well acquainted. They said nothing, but I suspected they wanted to see me. I was therefore not so much surprised the next morning as I might have been when I heard a loud rap at my door, and beheld the two strangers standing before me as I opened it. One was Mr. High, the sheriff of Raleigh; the other was his deputy. They returned me the parole I had given the Governor, and produced an order from him to arrest me and take me to Richmond, Virginia. The sheriff was very polite, apologizing for disturbing me so early, but it was necessary in order to get breakfast before the stage started. He also said that as I was enjoying myself the evening before, he did not like to make himself known to me until it was necessary. I lost no time in making my preparations. That evening we took dinner in Weldon, and then started for Richmond.

The next morning we were in Petersburg, and at 7.30 we reached the Exchange Hotel in Richmond. I was annoyed but little by visitors on the journey, but one old man in some way found out I was a prisoner and spoke to me. He was a Methodist minister, and said that he had raised a company of soldiers. He asked me to tell the people when I reached the North that all the members of his church were determined to fight this thing out. The old man was very enthusiastic and on excellent terms with himself. He talked loud, and by drawing the attention of the passengers made me wish he were some place else. The sheriff finally closed the interview by ordering him to stop talking to me. After getting breakfast at the hotel, I took a walk through the Capitol grounds, returning to the hotel about ten o'clock. The sheriff then informed me that he had an order to turn me over to the Navy Department or the Provost Marshal, as he deemed best, and that he would make it optional with me. It so happened that I had met both Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, and General John H. Winder, the Provost Marshal, and thought I knew something of the character of the two men. I argued that as the former was a professional politician, he would be more bitter and vindictive than the military man; so I said, "Take me to the Provost Marshal."

On our arrival at General Winder's office we did not find him, but in a few moments he came in. He recognized me by saying, "I have seen you before." I replied "Yes, sir; two years ago, when you commanded Fort Barrancas at Pensacola, I was on board the *Saratoga*." He then asked, "Do you know why you have been sent for?" I replied that I did not. To this he said, "To be put in a cell eight feet by six, fed on bread and water, and to be hanged in case they hang a privateer in the Tombs in New York." I must confess that this information had a depressing effect on me for the moment, but I soon recovered from it with sufficient indignation to remark, "General Winder, I was captured at sea, on board an unarmed vessel, was placed on parole, and as I have never violated my parole, I claim that I should be treated as an officer and gentleman, not as a felon or pickpocket." To this the answer was, "You have been caught in bad company, and will have to take the consequences." And turning to one of his deputies, he remarked, "Take this man down to the county jail." The sheriff of Raleigh here interfered, and said he would like to take me down to the jail. To this Winder assented, and wrote a note to the jailer, specifying how I should be confined in a cell eight feet by six, on bread and water. While the note was being written, the sheriff went out of the office and called a carriage. We drove to the Exchange Hotel, where I had my valise and travelling-rug, and from there to the Henrico County Jail, afterwards known as "Castle Thunder."

We drove into the court-house yard, where we met Mr. Staples, deputy sheriff and jailer, a large, powerful man, but possessed of a good face, which did not belie his disposition. He read the note which the sheriff gave him, and we entered the jail-yard, where were standing negroes, Irishmen, Confederate soldiers, and "poor white trash." As the lower story looked very filthy, I was glad when Mr. Staples led the way up the stone stairs. The second story was a little better; the brick floor looked a little cleaner; still, it was far from inviting. Much to my gratification, we did not stop there, but proceeded on to the third story. I noticed the first room on the right as we reached the top of the stairs was quite large, and had two windows, also a wooden floor. I at once decided that if I did not get that room it would not be my fault. My friend Staples did not stop, however, but proceeded to the other end of the hall, where he opened the door of a cell. The first glance at the apartment convinced me that the Provost Marshal had succeeded in getting a room very nearly eight feet by six, and, to make the matter worse, it was already occupied by one person. In one corner of the room sat Lieutenant Selden, of the United States navy, pale and haggard, the very picture of despair. I bade my friend the sheriff of Raleigh good-by, and passed into the cell. The door closed behind me, the key was turned, and I found myself really a prisoner. Up to this time I had been one but in name. I had the consolation, however, of knowing that I had found a comrade, one who felt and thought as I did.

We told each other of our capture, and I found that I had seen but the bright side of the picture, while he had seen the dark side. Lieutenant Selden was much older than I, and was sick; besides, he was a native of Richmond, and had influential relatives living in the city at the time, none of whom would turn a hand to assist him. He was consequently very depressed. After I grew tired of discussing the situation I spread my rug on the floor, and with my valise for a pillow, was soon fast asleep. Strange to say, I had pleasant dreams. I thought myself exchanged and again with my friends. I had slept for several hours, when I was aroused by my friend Selden, who informed me that dinner had arrived. I jumped up and took from the hands of a colored woman, who looked as though she had been engaged in the soap-boiling business, a heavy pone of corn bread and a piece of fat rancid bacon. I regarded this dinner as too heavy for a young man in my frame of mind, and after surveying it a moment I deposited it on the floor, and declared that I would rather starve than eat such stuff.

After reflecting on the situation, I concluded to make an effort to interview the landlord of my hotel, and commenced by rapping loudly on the door. My roommate assured me that I might rap all day without getting an answer. I replied that, having nothing else to do, I was prepared to devote the day to that business. In the course of fifteen minutes the colored woman came back and asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted to see Mr. Staples, the jailer. She did not think Mr. Staples would be in before the next morning, that he was out in the Court-House, but I finally persuaded her to carry my message to him, and in a short time Mr. Staples came and unlocked the door. He asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to get out of the cell I was in. To this he replied that he was not at all surprised; that he had frequently heard other people in a similar predicament express such desire. I finally prevailed upon him to let me out for the purpose of talking to him, and he took me into the hall, and then into the large room I noticed as we came up the stairs. Here I "button-holed" the jailer, and told him it was impossible for me to live in that room with Mr. Selden. A cell eight feet by six, with scarcely any ventilation, in the hot month of August, occupied by two people, one of them sick, and never allowed to leave the cell for any purpose, made life scarcely worth living.

Mr. Staples laughingly admonished me not to grow desperate; that I had no idea how much I could endure. He finally asked me what I expected him to do. I replied that I wanted him to put me into the room in which we were standing, and provide me with good food; that I could not eat what had been sent me. He at first hooted the idea—pronounced it ridiculous—saying he had to carry out General Winder's orders. I told him General Winder need know nothing about our arrangements, and in case he did find it out, he could easily say that Mr. Selden was sick, and that he could not put anybody else in the same room. I assured him I would pay him for everything with which he provided me. After much persuasion he finally acceded to my request, at the same time telling me that Sheriff High of Raleigh had asked him to do the best he could for me. He also informed me that Aaron Burr was the occupant of this room for some time while awaiting trial in 1806. It was the debtors' apartment, and the door had no lock. That evening he sent me in a cot with bedding, a wash-stand, and finally a good dinner. He also provided me with a roommate, an old navy officer, Commander Boutwell, late of the United States navy. Boutwell was the senior Commander on the list when the war broke out, but was under suspension for some trouble on board a ship he commanded in the Pacific. He had asked Mr. Lincoln to restore him to duty, and being refused, he went South and offered his services to the Confederacy; but there he was also refused, being an eleventh-hour man, with more rank than others who came earlier. He was on his way back to Washington, when he was arrested at Nashville, Tennessee, as a spy, at the instance of some old naval officer who was his enemy. The Navy Department sent him to "Castle Thunder," and my friend Staples asked me to take him in, as he had no other suitable room for the old gentleman. I was very glad to have him, but even if I had not been, I was in no position to protest. The old Commodore, as I called him, proved to be good company for me, and often amused me as he paced the room with long and rapid strides, giving vent to his feelings. Stephen R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, came in for his share. "Who is this so-called cabinet minister?" he would exclaim; "surely not an American, for he was born under an English flag, in a bomb-boat on the Bahama Banks. What does he care for the South? He is a Dalgetty, and will take service wherever he can find it. And yet he is the man who has put me in this old county jail, which was pronounced unfit for the meanest criminal so far back as 1812. Yes, put me, a Virginian born, who can trace his ancestors for three generations in this State, a nephew of Commodore Warrington, one of the greatest naval officers our country ever had." This is but a fraction of the harangue the old Commodore frequently favored me with. We were well taken care of by Mr. Staples, and really had all the comforts that the guests of a good hotel would get anywhere. We were furnished with the daily papers, and tobacco and whiskey, the necessaries of life to the Virginia gentleman. We were allowed to go into the court-yard, and as our door was not locked, we could go to the cells of the different boarders and interview them through the small port in their iron doors. This we frequently did. Some of the characters were interesting. I remember one, an insane Irishman, who had been in General Patterson's army. He had lost his reason, but not his memory, for he would abuse General Patterson by the hour, showing that he remembered very well. He had a good voice, and sang many songs for our entertainment. Then there was an old man from the State of Massachusetts, who had gotten into trouble for killing a man with his rifle. He hoped to improve his case by showing his loyalty to the Southern Confederacy, and, to show his loyalty, he predicted I would be hanged, and I returned the compliment by assuring him that I would not go until I had seen him triced up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

## III.—PROSPERITY IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

THE story of the prosperity that the crops of 1897 brought to Kansas and Nebraska probably will not be revealed fully for several years. Through the channels of trade the sweep of prosperity has been turned here and there, and the current will continue to be felt not for one year, but for several. But there was one place where the sunshine brought immediate gladness, and that was upon the farm.

"There is not a man, woman, or child in Kansas that hasn't got some money this year," said Secretary F. D. Coburn, of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, to the writer, in answer to a question as to the real effect upon the masses of the large crops.

And that tells the story, so far as it can be told in one sentence. Kansas and Nebraska people do not deny that prosperity has come. They have nothing to say about the prices of wheat and silver rising and falling together. They no longer fear crop failures as they did. In the lean years since 1892 they have learned some new things about farming, and they are prepared to meet future afflictions with courage. Others may say that the prosperity was a form of good luck, due to crop failures in India and elsewhere, but you hear little of that in Kansas. Even the politicians have dropped such talk. Governor Leedy has declared officially that the State is prosperous. It was John W. Breidenthal, the leader of the Populist party in Kansas, who was the first of the State officials to proclaim that the prosperity of the Middle West was genuine. The people there do not look upon the good times merely as temporary, a happy exception that proves the rule that the lot of the farmer in the Middle West is, and is to be, one of doleful misery.

The fact is that farming in the Middle West, when not hampered by crushing debt, pays as few other businesses pay, and when an unusual year of plenty comes, and good prices arrive at the same time, the returns, as in the year 1897, are simply fabulous and bewildering. It is safe to say that no business in this country made such returns upon the capital involved and the labor employed as did farming in 1897 in the Middle West.

Those stories that came from Kansas and Nebraska in the fall of 1897, those marvellous stories, were not exaggerations. The half was not told. Even the people of those two sorely stricken States do not understand yet the extent of the good times that came to them. Now that the crop statistics have been printed—now that they can look at their redeemed mortgages, their recently purchased comforts for the home, their luxuries, their top-buggies, their bicycles, their pianos—for the farmers have been buying all these—they are beginning to realize that the prosperity is general, and that the revival of trade in this country really began with them. To encompass the extent of the prosperity and to set it forth in an article of a few thousand words is a task that involves the serious difficulty of knowing not only where to begin, but where to leave off. It involves statements of truth that are astonishing.

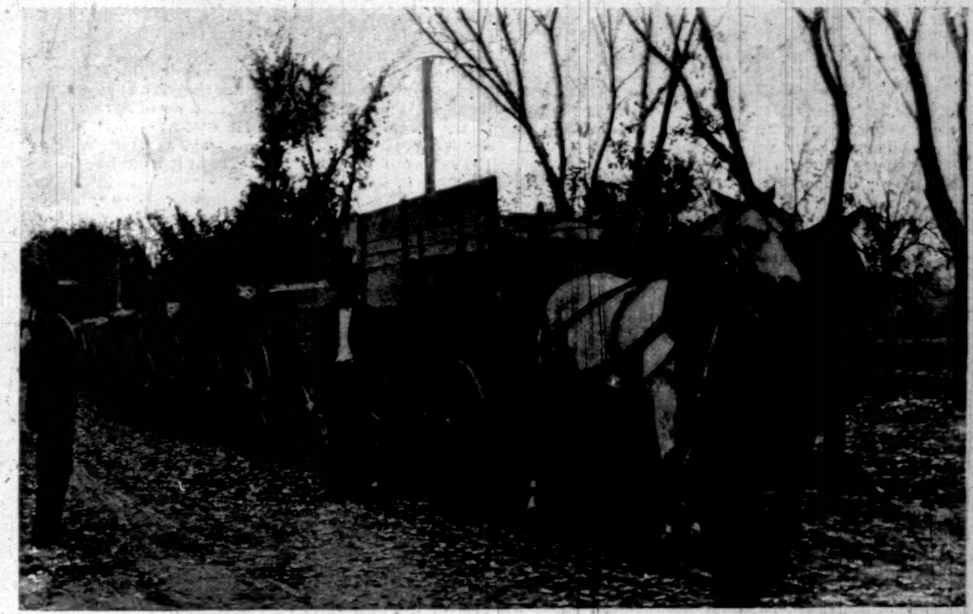
Perhaps the condition of Kansas especially can best be revealed in a paragraph, aside from the remark I have quoted from Secretary Coburn, by what one of its best-known citizens said to me while walking down the main street of a town of 8000 inhabitants on a Saturday morning in December when the farmers were making their weekly purchases:

"Look up and down this street. There are probably two hundred horses tied along it. I defy you to find a horse in the lot that is in poor physical condition. You cannot see the ribs of one of them. Would you find the horses of Eastern farmers in such condition without exception? Another thing: There is not an able-bodied pauper in this county, and there are not one hundred able-bodied paupers in the entire State. We have been poor. Since 1892 many of our people have had no new clothing, but every man and every man's family and every man's live-stock have had enough to eat. Now that we have money, we are getting out of debt."

One thing should be remembered at the outset. The crops for 1897 were not the biggest that Kansas and Nebraska ever produced. The value of the Kansas crop, as estimated by the State authorities, was $230,000,000, including live-stock. In 1890 the value was $325,000,000. That was when the boom was in full swing. In 1891 the value was $287,000,000; in 1892 it was $273,000,000. Then it began to fall off, and in the year 1896, the year of dreadful predictions for the Western farmer, it fell off to $189,000,000. The crops in Nebraska for the various years bore a relation similar to those of Kansas. In Kansas the yield last year of wheat, corn, and oats was valued at $66,000,000, an increase of $15,000,000. The total value of the agricultural product, excluding live-stock, was more than $136,000,000, or about $100 for every inhabitant. Including live-stock, the value of the agricultural productions was probably about $190 for each inhabitant, or nearly $1000 for each family in the State. Nebraska's crops and live-stock in 1897 aggregated in value $161,000,000. In one county in Kansas—Rush County—the value of the wheat crop alone was more than $1200 for each voter.

However significant these figures and estimates as to crop production may be, there is another set of figures that tell more eloquently the story of prosperity that has come to Kansas and Nebraska. They are the figures that give the condition of the banks. Here is a table prepared by Bank Commissioner Breidenthal of Kansas, showing the condition of business in that State at the close of the month of October, 1897, when the returns from crops were nearly finished, as compared with the returns at the same time of year since 1891. (See Table No. I, next page.)

The most striking thing that this table shows is that the deposits in the banks under State supervision increased in one year nearly $7,000,000, and the reserve cash and sight exchange increased nearly $5,000,000. Then look at the column showing the amount of borrowed money. In 1891 it amounted to nearly $1,800,000. In 1897 it had fallen to less than $300,000. The total resources of these banks increased nearly $6,000,000 in one year, and under the operation of the new banking law of the State the real estate and furniture and fixtures of the banks were marked down nearly $500,000. Loans had increased more than $1,500,000, but that was under the new banking law, which has thrown greater safeguards around such matters, and which will be considered at another time. The legal reserve in these banks is twenty per cent. The table shows that the Kansas banks have a reserve of 50.93 per cent. Is it any wonder that Kansas has money to lend?



EIGHT WAGONS, CONTAINING 19,000 POUNDS OF CORN, DRAWN BY ONE TEAM, MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

The figures I obtained from the Department of Banking in Nebraska summed up the condition of the banks there for the month of September, 1897, later figures not having arrived at the time of my visit. (See Table No. II.)

Here we see an increase of deposits of more than $3,000,000 for 1897 over 1896. The amount of borrowed money has fallen from $1,400,000 in 1893, the second year a banking law was in force, to only a little more than $225,000. Loans decreased from $28,000,000 in 1892 to $13,000,000 in 1897. The gain in resources in 1897 over 1896 was more than $2,500,000. The Hon. P. L. Hall, secretary to the Banking Department of the State, furnishes this comment explaining the table:

> This comparative statement shows plainly that from 1892 to 1896 the banking business in Nebraska experienced a steady decline. This was due to two principal causes. The first was that prior to the year 1892 the business in Nebraska was boomed. Everybody was establishing banks. Every post-office and cross-roads must have a bank, and experience and knowledge of the business was not thought a requisite to success. Following 1892 came the panic and drouths of 1893, 1894, and 1895. These years sufficed to exemplify the law of the survival of the fittest. The weak, ill-managed institutions had to go. To-day I feel free to say that there is not another State in the Union with better managed, more substantial banks than has Nebraska.
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> Special attention is called to the sum of the two items "Cash" and "Due from Banks" shown in the statement for the year 1897, and comparison is asked with the same items in preceding years, not forgetting while making the comparison also to give attention to "Deposits" and "Borrowed Money."

The figures from national banks are equally striking. From the latest reports of the Comptroller of the Currency the subjoined table is compiled. The figures are from the reports submitted periodically, and although they do not correspond exactly in time to those from the State banks, they tell the same story practically. There is the same notable increase in deposits and in resources. The decrease in notes and bills rediscounted is also worthy of special attention. (See Tables Nos. III. and IV.)

Another indication of a prosperous change in Nebraska may be found in a study of its mortgage statistics. Kansas collects no statistics of mortgages, but does collect statistics of agriculture. Nebraska, on the other hand, collects few statistics of agriculture, but does collect statistics of her mortgages. It is done through the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics. In the year 1880 there were 17,528 recorded mortgages on real estate in Nebraska, with a value of $9,373,585. These mortgages did not begin to include all the indebtedness. Those were the days of the railroad "mortgages," or contracts, thousands of which were not recorded—the times of easy payments and renewals. The loan-company agent came along about 1885, offering lower rates of interest, and harder terms of final payment. Forthwith the number of mortgages in Nebraska jumped to 35,545, with a valuation of $27,531,643. In 1886 they numbered 45,303, with a valuation of $38,888,533. In 1889 the number was 48,641, with a valuation of $45,087,550.

Then came a decline in the number and valuation, even though the hard times were in full swing and the boom times were over. By 1894 the mortgages numbered 32,927, the valuation being $31,690,054. For 1895 the figures were 26,700—$25,753,364. For 1896 the figures were 17,316—$16,477,606. The figures for 1897 had not arrived at the State capital when I made my investigation. The

TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MARKET WAGONS IN SPRUCE STREET, GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA.

average life of the Nebraska mortgage is 3.2 years, and the average rate of interest is 8.3. The number of mortgages filed and those satisfied, whether on farm or city property, is about equal in Nebraska from year to year. The drop of 9384 mortgages during 1895, with a decrease in valuation of $9,275,758, shows probably what Nebraska's big corn crop of 1895 did for the State in one year. The influence of the prosperity for 1897 will probably be shown in the mortgage statistics for 1898.

The figures I have given tell the general prosperity story. They may be too dry for the general reader because they lack the element of human, personal interest. In that case, let me print some stories of the prosperity that came to individuals here and there in Kansas and Nebraska. They illustrate the amazing character of the profits that some farmers in those States received last year.

The manager of one of the largest coal companies in Kansas told me that in November last he went into the flour-mill of an acquaintance in Larned, Pawnee County, beyond the centre of the State and almost on the border of the "short grass" country. He met a farmer past middle age coming out of the mill. The farmer was tucking a little piece of white paper into his pocket. The man had been in such straits of poverty that his trousers were patched with burlap. His boots were broken, and through the holes his bare feet showed. The man's attire was really that of a tramp.

"Did you see that farmer going out?" said the miller to the coal-man.

"Yes," said the visitor.

"How much money do you suppose I just paid him in a check?"

"Oh, $500 or $600."

"Well, I gave him a check for $7000."

That $7000 represented only part of the wheat raised on a $1200 farm. The farmer had 4000 more bushels to sell. That man had owned his farm clear, but had little working-capital. He decided that under no consideration would he run in debt. His family lived on the dairy products of his farm, and went without those things for which cash must be paid usually. The first thing he did with his money from last year's wheat was to fit out his family in clothes, and then he went in for some luxuries. He bought two carriages and a piano. Then, to show his faith in Kansas farming despite droughts, he put the rest of his money, except the receipts from the 4000 bushels of wheat held in reserve, into more land.

Here is another story, vouched for by Mr. Breidenthal, whose name is used frequently at the outset in these articles because there is no man in Kansas better equipped with information regarding the State's prosperity than he. The county seat of Ness County, out in that dreary and almost desertlike part of the State known as the "short grass" country, is Ness City. It is a place of about 450 inhabitants, and it has a State bank. It is Mr. Breidenthal's duty to go there occasionally and examine that bank. He said that in Ness City there is an agent for a company that sells top-buggies. Since the good times came that agent sold in that town 400 top-buggies. Of course that would mean one for almost every man, woman, and child in the place, which would be preposterous. The buggies went all over the county, but I venture to say that no Eastern village ever could show such a record of prosperity in the buggy trade.

There is a farmer in a town near the centre of the State—I am not at liberty to give his name—who had a section of land, 640 acres. It was worth probably $7000. He had a mortgage on it for $6000, and Bank Commissioner Breidenthal had been urging the bank which held the mortgage to have the indebtedness reduced. He regarded the mortgage as a rather shaky security. Early in October he received a letter from the bank officials saying that the farmer had raised $17,000 worth of wheat on that land, had paid off the $6000 mortgage, and had bought an adjoining quarter-section of land for $2500. He had cleared, deducting expenses, $14,500 on his wheat, and he had $4000 left after making his purchases, with which to improve his farm and to lay aside for a rainy day, which in Kansas means another drought.

Out in Thomas County, in the "short grass" country, lives a former member of the Legislature. He had a 350-acre farm. Its value was not more than $1000. The hard times sorely pressed him. He went to Topeka, the State capital, and hung around his former associates, fairly begging them to give him some kind of a job, even if it was worth only a few hundred dollars a year. He failed to get a place, and went home discouraged. He put in a crop of wheat on his land—there was nothing else for him to do—and, almost hopeless, he sat down to watch it grow. It did grow, and when he had harvested it he got $9000 for it. That man is no longer looking for a political job.

In Sheridan County, adjoining Thomas, there is a man who had a half-section of land, 320 acres, on which he owed $800. He put 300 acres of his farm into wheat. He raised 7000 bushels, which he sold at 65 cents a bushel, bringing him in $4550. He paid off his $800 mortgage, paid $2500 for a whole section of land adjoining his farm, and had $1250 for improvements and a reserve fund. That man has 150 acres of bottom-land, and he will plant that tract with alfalfa, the wonderful hay that resists drought and that gives three crops a year, the season's product being worth, at present prices, not less than $25 an acre.

In Sumner County, which was one of the banner wheat counties of Kansas last year, there is a man who raised $36,000 worth of wheat. Of course he was a prosperous farmer anyway. He had a farm of 1200 acres. Mr. Breidenthal tells me that that farmer is putting up a $20,000 residence on his place.

Here is a story of a man who really became discouraged just as sunshine began to mellow the lot of many a weary man. This man had a farm of 160 acres in Barton County, in the centre of the State. He owed $1500 on the farm, and the local bank held the mortgage as security. He put 100 acres out in wheat, but thought it would be the same old story of hot winds and no rain, and early in the season he went to the bank and said he was going to give up. The officials tried to persuade him to continue, but he said he would not. All he asked of the bank was that it should give him $200, enough for him to get back East with his family, and it could have the farm. That meant that for $1700 it could get a farm of 160 acres. It took the farm, and the farmer went away. The bank sold the wheat that was raised on the 100 acres for $1600. In other words, the bank got that man's farm of 160 acres for just $100.

Here is a story told me by State Senator Hessin, the leader of the Republicans in the upper branch of the Legislature in Kansas, and one of the most prominent candidates for Governor at the next convention. Mr. Hessin met an old soldier on the cars one day. The man was going to the National Grand Army Encampment. He had made money at last on his farm. That man and his three sons had a 1000-acre farm. It was worth at the outside $7000. They owed on it a little more than $5000. They raised on it 20,000 bushels of wheat, for which they got probably not less than $13,000 at 65 cents a bushel.

Nebraska has a story to tell similar to that of Kansas. One of the best-known men in Lincoln told me that he had a son in a bank in the western part of the State. That bank had been "hanging on by the eyebrows" for month after month. Every time the young man came home he would tell his father that the bank surely would go down the next month. It held $50,000 of worthless notes, or notes that seemed worthless. The young man, who was cashier, finally quit the place to avoid the crash that was inevitable. But the crash did not come. The crops were enormous, and all those notes were paid. That little bank is now a most prosperous institution, and it will be a long time before it gets caught in another such predicament. Its condition was typical, one might say, of probably a hundred other banks in the State.

Here is a story of a man who was converted to Populism by hearing Mr. Bryan speak. Every detail is vouched for to me by men of the highest standing. A Republican who had always been true to the party faith was in the crowd when Mr. Bryan spoke in the 1896 campaign in his own State. He heard Mr. Bryan say: "Ah, my friends, let me call your attention to one fact that stands out clearly beyond contradiction. It is that wheat and silver stand inseparably yoked together. If one falls the other falls, and then we fall. Look at their price to-day [it was something over 60 cents]. They are within one cent of each other. I tell you they are together now, inseparably yoked."

That Republican was converted right there. That was something he had never thought of. He had an 80-acre piece of land, and he reasoned that if Bryan was elected silver would go up to $1 25, and wheat would go with it. He owed nearly $2000 on the land, and if wheat should go to $1 25, he figured, how easy it would be to pay off that mortgage. Well, Bryan was not elected, but the man went on with his winter-wheat sowing because he had made all preparations for it, but his heart was heavy. He did not see how he was going to pay off that mortgage at half-rates. He raised 3200 bushels of wheat, and got $2200 for it. He sold just below 70 cents, and then he went to look at the price of silver. It was something like 47 cents, and that man saw a great light. He lost on Mr. Bryan's prophecy and election, but he won on the wheat. He made enough to pay off his mortgage, and has now gone back to the Republican party, as have thousands of others, which accounts for the fact that instead of having only about one-third of the voters of the State, as was the case three years ago, the Republicans came within 15,000 of winning last year against a fusion of Democrats and Populists.

Here is a story of half a dozen wise Populists, well known in political affairs throughout the State of Nebraska, who planned a *coup* against that greatest of all enemies to the farmers, that representative of the grinding capitalist, the elevator-man. These farmers read in the Populist newspapers early in 1897 that wheat was surely going down. Silver was going down, and of course wheat must follow. They decided to make a deal with the elevator agent. They knew that he read the capitalistic newspapers of the East and the West. These papers said that not only was there to be a large crop of wheat, but that its price was to be high. They knew better than that—their own paper told them so, and they knew a thing or two themselves—and so they went to the elevator-man and offered to sell out their entire yield at 45 cents a bushel. The elevator-man told them that they were foolish, that wheat was going up. They said they were willing to take the chances, but, upon the elevator-man's suggestion, withdrew for a conference. They whispered among themselves. That elevator-man was simply trying to fool them. They understood the philosophy of wheat and wheat prices as well as he. After a time they came back and said, as they nudged one another, that they believed the elevator-man was right, but that they thought "a bird in the hand," etc., and so they would sign contracts to deliver their wheat at 45 cents a bushel. The agreements were signed with solemn faces, and then the Populists stalked out. When they got around the corner they fell to slapping one another on the shoulders and had a riot of laughter. Their laughter was all gone when they carted several thousand bushels of wheat to the elevator in the fall at 45 cents a bushel, while their neighbors were getting from 65 to 70 cents for their wheat. Now these conspiring Populists are known all over Nebraska, and the story of their deal with the elevator-man has been published in that State. I simply give it wider circulation to present a humorous side to these prosperity stories, and not in any spirit of criticism of Populists or the Populistic faith. Whatever may be said of the Populist leaders, the Eastern visitor will find the rank and file of the party composed of loyal Americans, honest in their beliefs and lovers of good government.

One of the largest banking firms in Omaha had to take a farm of several hundred acres of land in the western part of the State on a mortgage foreclosure. It was land thought to be fit only for grazing cattle. One of the members of the firm told me that they learned with regret that 90 acres of that land had been ploughed. They feared that the high winds would blow the gritty soil all over the rest of that land. A farmer from that region wrote to the bankers, offering to give them one-third of the profits if they would allow him to raise wheat on the 90-acre tract. The bankers agreed with alacrity. They heard no more from their tenant for months. The land was worth at the

TABLE NO. I.—COMPARATIVE STATEMENT IN OCTOBER, 1897, OF KANSAS BANKS.

| Year. | Number of Banks. | Loans. | Overdrafts. | Legal Reserve Cash and Sight Exchange. | Deposits. | Borrowed Money. | Per cent. Reserve. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1891. | 414 | $19,201,544.89 | $634,784.92 | $ 5,451,041.67 | $15,773,438.82 | $1,793,406.46 | 35.96 |
| 1892. | 447 | 20,761,196.19 | 650,393.25 | 8,315,148.86 | 20,143,843.02 | 1,398,813.75 | 41.27 |
| 1893. | 420 | 17,719.691.22 | 409.039.60 | 6,013,224.97 | 15,099,999.65 | 999,481.36 | 39.82 |
| 1894. | 412 | 18,361,451.71 | 441.002.05 | 6,531,572.36 | 16,871,103.51 | 885,906.46 | 38.13 |
| 1895. | 408 | 17,805,514.70 | 273,121.76 | 6,230,029 01 | 16,587,434.59 | 687,694.15 | 37.54 |
| 1896 | 392 | 15,587,125.44 | 283,140.09 | 6,396,968.32 | 15,220,107.39 | 471,629.31 | 42.03 |
| 1897. | 379 | 17,148,941.91 | 355.681.21 | 11,154,827.30 | 21,906,163.74 | 298,723.84 | 50.93 |

| | 1896. | 1897. |
|---|---|---|
| Total resources | $25,691,481.81 | $31,348,950.57 |
| Real estate | 2,150,865.15 | 1,700,660.98 |
| Furniture and fixtures | 363,371.13 | 299,056.86 |

TABLE NO. II.—COMPARATIVE STATEMENT IN SEPTEMBER, 1897, OF NEBRASKA BANKS.

| Year. | Number of Banks | Loans. | Overdrafts. | Cash Reserve. | Due from Banks. | Deposits. | Borrowed Money. | Per cent. Reserve. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1892. | 513 | $28,249,076.46 | $762,244.93 | $2,178,734.39 | $4,821,233.88 | $24,891,118.29 | $1,136,771.68 | 28 |
| 1893. | 504 | 23,798,518.11 | 319,501.56 | 1,537,010.59 | 2,941,700.06 | 17,208,476.14 | 1,487,663.40 | 26 |
| 1894. | 482 | 23,253,062.41 | 231,944.05 | 1,768,352.48 | 3,226,019.84 | 18,074,832.43 | 946,748.52 | 26 |
| 1895. | 447 | 19,085,793.53 | 174,009.20 | 1,626,302.88 | 2,518,647.78 | 14,200,775.62 | 1,090,329.11 | 28 |
| 1896. | 414 | 14,602,808.38 | 84,828.39 | 1,496,532.56 | 1,984,032.56 | 10,227,537.93 | 698,608.99 | 34 |
| 1897. | 398 | 13,632,399.06 | 88,674.88 | 1,723,650.94 | 4.784,120.46 | 13,622,348.69 | 227,076.42 | 50 |

| | 1896. | 1897. |
|---|---|---|
| Total resources | $20,995,019.52 | $23,551,256.85 |

TABLE NO. III.—COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NATIONAL BANKS IN KANSAS.

| | No. of Banks. | Loans and Discounts. | Due from Reserve Agents. | Capital Stock Paid In. | Surplus Fund. | Individual Deposits. | Notes and Bills Rediscounted. | Total Resources. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 16, 1896. | 116 | $17,286,821.24 | $3,382,981.49 | $9,552,100 | $1,355.458.74 | $16,039,314.96 | $371,271.19 | $32,030,338.48 |
| Oct. 5, 1897. | 103 | 18,682,122.94 | 5,500,958.89 | 8,567,100 | 1,396,339.14 | 19,188,549.02 | 167,141.87 | 34,718,435.73 |

TABLE NO. IV.—COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NATIONAL BANKS IN NEBRASKA.

| | No. of Banks. | Loans and Discounts. | Due from Reserve Agents. | Capital Stock Paid In. | Surplus Fund. | Individual Deposits. | Notes and Bills Rediscounted. | Total Resources. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 16, 1896. | 114 | $20,652,483.86 | $3,124.393.55 | $11.075.000 | $1,577,857.85 | $16,891,281.34 | $481,841.59 | $38,299,035.05 |
| Oct. 5, 1897. | 104 | 22,926,784.01 | 6,436,990.10 | 10,475,000 | 1,470,490.70 | 20,292,058.28 | 47,417.74 | 44,629,002.02 |

outside $3 50 an acre. The 90 acres could have been purchased for $300. Late in November the bankers received a check for $522 for their one-third of the wheat raised on that $300 piece of property. Out of their share the farmer had deducted six cents a bushel for hauling the wheat 16 miles and for other expenses. The bankers said they had not sought to verify the farmer's accounts; they were satisfied as matters stood. While I was talking with one of the firm, there came two letters to the house. One was from a man who had borrowed $1800 from them, which was due in 1899. He asked to be allowed to pay $1200 on it at once. The other letter was from a man who owed them $1200, due in 1900. That man wanted to pay $600 on his debt.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations as to the way the farmers look upon the prosperity of the year 1897 was shown by the carnival that took place in the little town of Manhattan, the home of Senator Hessin, and the seat of the Agricultural College, around whose faculty there was so much political strife last year. The business men of Manhattan and the farmers round about thought there should be some adequate celebration of the arrival of good times. They therefore held a carnival on November 13, for which there was contributed nearly $700 in cash prizes. There was a great parade of the four classes into which the competitors were grouped. The prizes were for all sorts of things. There were prizes for the best horses and mules; best driving; best man and woman horseback-riders; the best cattle, calves, hogs, and lambs; the best lady bicycle-rider; best decorated farmer's buggy; best brass band; best decorated business house; "largest, freshest, and heaviest five dozen hen eggs"; best country clown; farmers' foot-race for ages between fifty and eighty; heaviest baby over eight months and under a year; best loaf of bread, farmers' wives and daughters only to compete; "the most eccentric, grotesque, and humorous vehicle, team, and driver in the parade"; the best-looking farmer's single son and single daughter in the parade; the largest number of loads of corn from any township; the largest load of corn drawn by two horses or mules, and a lot of other things, to say nothing of the $750 worth of fireworks that went off in the evening.

Surely that was a glorious day for any farming community. Any person who can read over the list of prizes and say there was not an entire townful of rejoicing must have little soul in him, or know nothing about the fun farmers have when they get together. I doubt if any town in the West ever had a better time than did Manhattan on that joyous November 13. The picture of the prize load of corn is printed herewith. One team hauled eight wagons, which contained 338 bushels of corn, and which, with the wagons, weighed eleven and one-half tons, the load was worth, at the prices then prevailing, $67 60. The prize for it was $30. The nearest competitor had 303 bushels in his load.

Such is the prosperity that has come to Kansas and Nebraska. Of course the stories I have told—and there are hundreds like them, yes, thousands—represent the unusual and exaggerated type of good fortune, but they serve to point out that the prosperity which could furnish such extreme cases, scattered here and there through the States, must have been general and far reaching. They also serve to show the enormous profit that came to the farmers last year. What other business in the United States, or in the world, could produce such results? Does any one know of any business venture that upon a capital of, say $1200, and labor of a similar amount, will return from $15,000 to $20,000, as was the result in hundreds of cases in Kansas and other Western States? It is true such a condition of affairs may never occur again. It has occurred once, however, and it has enabled the States in the central West to get out of debt. They will borrow hereafter only as other States borrow, and even if no such good times come again, they have money laid up, and are ready to do farming on ordinary profits.

It was interesting to watch the effect of this prosperity upon the farmers. So far as I could observe and learn, there was little elation. That carnival at Manhattan was the only case of open rejoicing that I heard of in the State of Kansas. The joy that came to the thousands upon thousands of homes, bringing gladness, especially to the women, on whom the hard times fell with almost crushing force as they battled to help their husbands and fathers, is the kind that expresses itself oftenest in tears. With the money that they made last year the farmers purchased the necessities they had gone without, and the luxuries that their wives and daughters craved, and then they went home ready to face the problems of this and the coming years with renewed courage, longing for more years of plenty, but prepared, with their surplus earnings and their experience in economy and in improved methods of farming, to meet fearlessly another drought of one or even more years. The lean years have passed. Perhaps several years of plenty are to follow.

There are those who declare that such prosperity as that of 1897 is not a blessing, in that it encourages those who experience it to false expectations. Many think that the farmers this year will go into wheat-raising on a disastrous scale. It is difficult to believe that a people as intelligent as the people of Kansas are can make such a mistake as that.

## THE NEW YORK POULTRY SHOW.

The ninth annual exhibition of the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association, which closed its five days' session on February 5, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, was the most successful and interesting in the whole series of these competitive shows. There were 6200 entries of the finest-bred varieties of poultry and pigeons, and the awards amounted to $7000 in premiums, in addition to some twoscore silver cups, many of them quite costly and beautiful, which had been offered by various private clubs throughout the country. The New York society is the outgrowth of a combination of practical poultry-men, who got together about ten years ago for the purpose of using every means for improving the breeds of American poultry in beauty, size, delicacy of flesh for the table, and the quantity and quality of their eggs. The association consists not only of poultry-farmers who produce for the market as a business, but of gentlemen of large wealth, whose efforts to breed the finest stock of this kind are akin to their ambition in raising fine-bred horses, cattle, dogs, etc. It represents both the United States and Canada. The total value of the stock on exhibition was estimated at about $150,000, and in the course of the exhibition many large sales were made, one transaction amounting to $1500. Single birds were held in some cases as high as $150.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

Abbott's Angostura Bitters do the work. You don't know how. But eating's a pleasure, and you feel like play. Abbott's is the original.—[*Adv.*]

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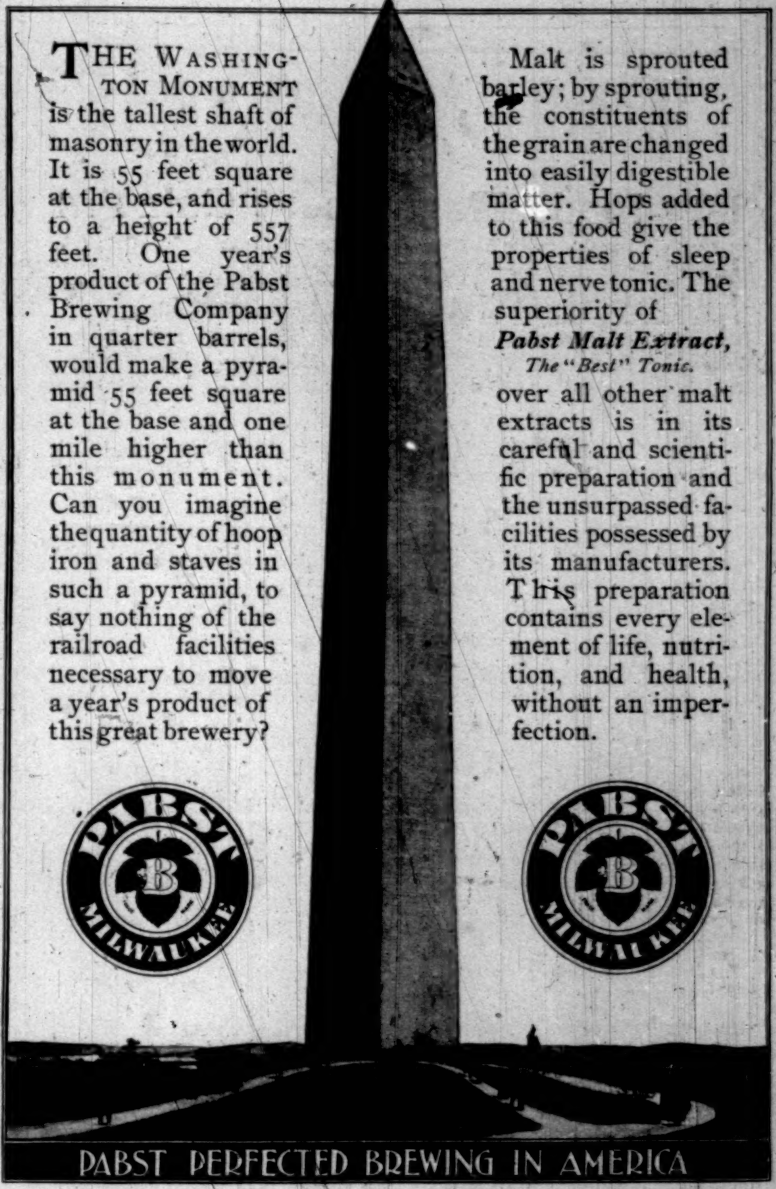
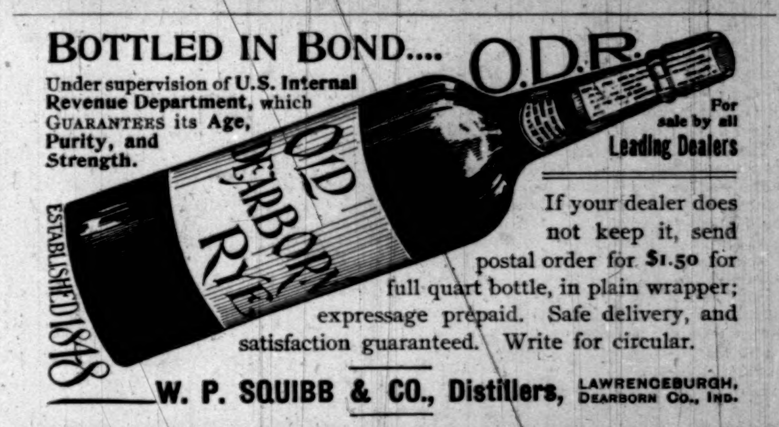


The Washington Monument is the tallest shaft of masonry in the world. It is 55 feet square at the base, and rises to a height of 557 feet. One year's product of the Pabst Brewing Company in quarter barrels, would make a pyramid 55 feet square at the base and one mile higher than this monument. Can you imagine the quantity of hoop iron and staves in such a pyramid, to say nothing of the railroad facilities necessary to move a year's product of this great brewery?

Malt is sprouted barley; by sprouting, the constituents of the grain are changed into easily digestible matter. Hops added to this food give the properties of sleep and nerve tonic. The superiority of *Pabst Malt Extract,* *The "Best" Tonic.* over all other malt extracts is in its careful and scientific preparation and the unsurpassed facilities possessed by its manufacturers. This preparation contains every element of life, nutrition, and health, without an imperfection.



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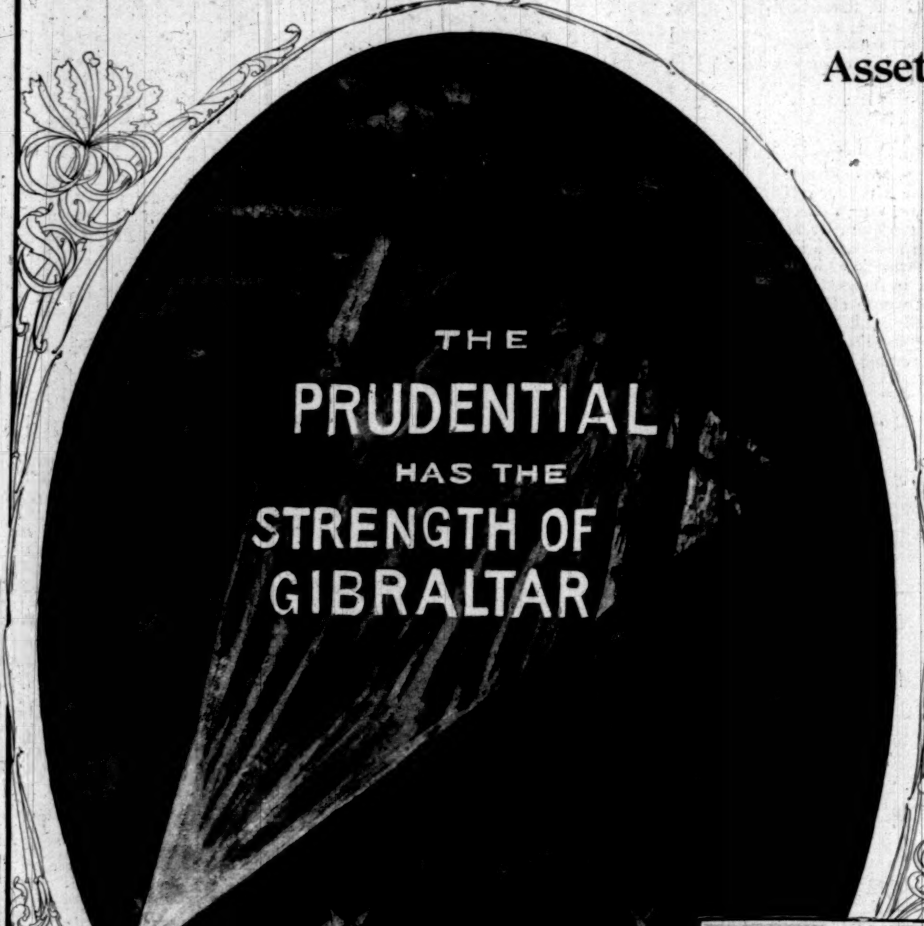

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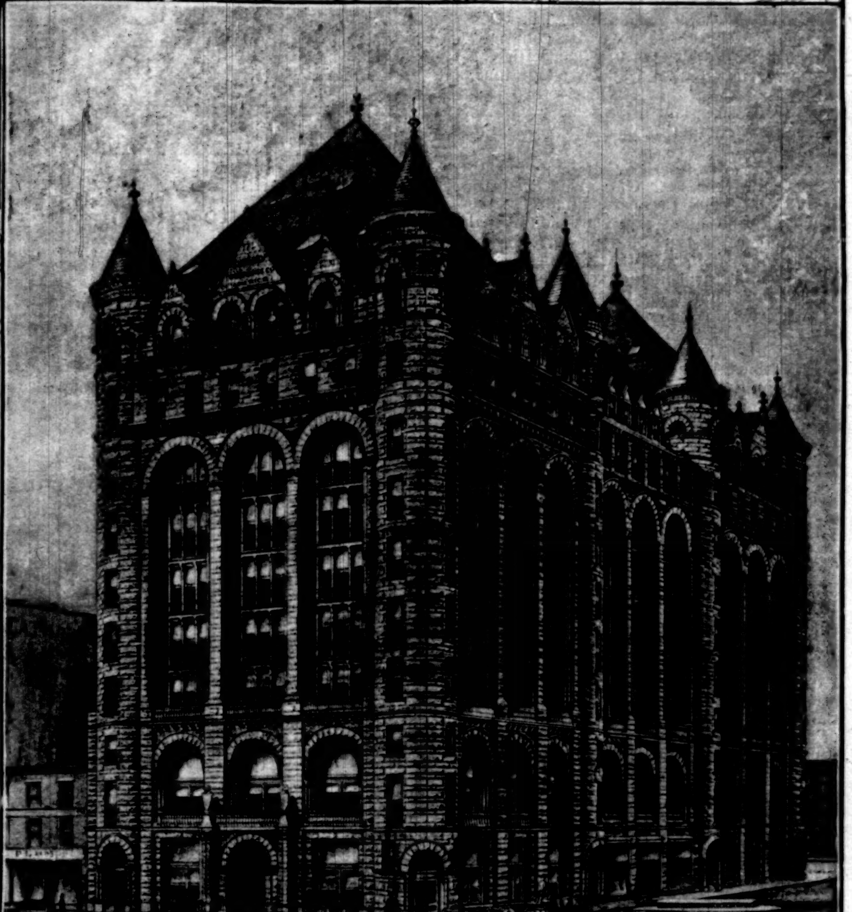

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# AMATEVR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly.

*The next number will contain a contribution from* Mr. Whitney, *entitled "Non-athletic China."*

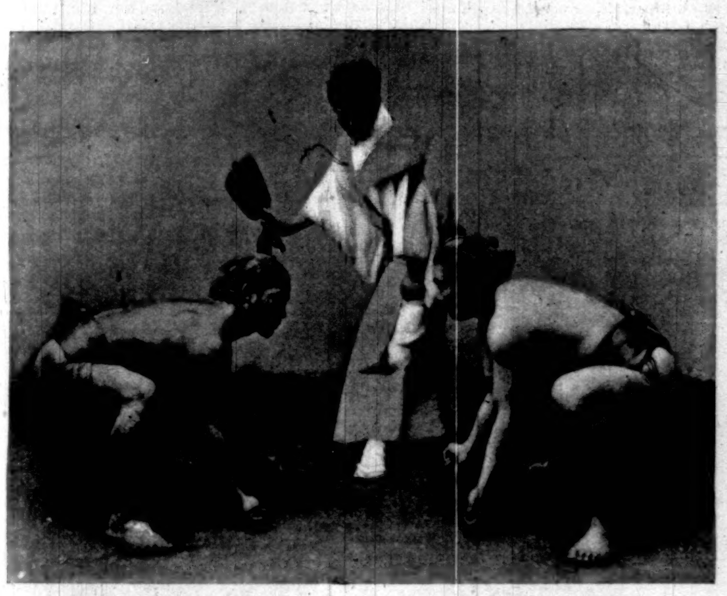
JAPANESE BOYS PLAYING BASEBALL.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.

## ATHLETIC AWAKENING OF THE JAPANESE.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

The Occidental mind, on its initiatory contemplation of Japan, finds much difficulty in taking the Westernizing Japanese seriously. There is a combination of more or less grotesque manner with earnest endeavor that at first is certain to divert one's attention from extraordinary achievements to somewhat playful methods. The bustling of the little men, the toddling of the little women, the tiny houses, and yourself wheeled along in an overgrown baby-carriage, as the jinrikisha is, serve to transport you to youthful dreamland, and once again you are with your long-shelved favorite Gulliver, who you make sure has set you down in a country done over in miniature. So the Westerner, on introduction, is quite apt to find amusement rather than interest in the busy making all around him, and to view with good-natured complacency the history-building efforts of the Asiatic Yankee.

But Japan is full of surprises, and none greets you so unexpectedly as the stability which lies beneath the apparent superficiality—or rather, perhaps I would better say, the stability which lies alongside the superficiality; for the Japanese temperament is uncertain and changeful, and, as a faithful historian has written him down, he is given to sudden flights and sudden flagging.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS IN POSITION—REFEREE IN CENTRE.

All this and more, which has no place here, pressed upon me as I sought and found evidence of Japan's athletic quickening. In all her progression nothing has come to Japan which she needed more, or which is fraught with greater significance for the future, than the present movement making for physical culture. For, without some development of the body, there can be no liberal education as we of this century understand it, and for the which the Japanese are striving.

Evolution in this direction was sorely needed; for until very recent days about all the out-of-door exercise the average Japanese youth acquired was in kite-flying, in which, however, he was more skilled than any other boy on earth. In earlier times—before the Restoration of the present dynasty, for instance—there had been more of athletic endeavor. A so-called game of war was quite popular, which was a sort of conflict of chosen sides one against the other, somewhat after the manner of the earliest English football struggles, with one town pitted against another. Only in Japan there was no ball. Besides this game, which became vigorous on occasion, there was much fencing by the youth with the two-handed sword made familiar to the world by Japanese artists.

After the Restoration the old games fell into disuse, and none of a newer type appeared to replace them; even fencing lost much of its vogue, and, in fact, has never regained it. What little there is now of the old school of fence is confined largely to the spectacular display of the stage, or to a professional class. The police have a species of fencing, done with a bamboo stick, and of no very great practical value in these days of the shorter and more handy Western sword.

It speaks highly of the sagacity of Japan's nineteenth-century latter-day sponsors that they should appreciate the peculiar need to Japan of implanting in her boys a taste for healthful and vigorous physical effort, so that when they grow to manhood there should be a fresher and a sturdier mental activity, with its corresponding elevation of ideals. There was need in Japan of gymnastic training, from both a physical and a moral point of view, to counterpoise the evil consequences of a sedentary life, and as a means of developing the very much neglected body.

And at last, within very recent times, Japan, in her progressive strides, has also taken on one of the wisest features of modern civilization—athletics.

There are few countries in the world with a better school system than Japan has set in motion, and many countries with one very much inferior. At a considerable percentage of these schools, and invariably at those in towns of any consequence, a daily gymnastic drill is now added to the curriculum. At present it reveals itself in calisthenics, without dumbbells or wands or clubs of any kind, which lead into the familiar "setting-up" drill of the soldier. The pupils in all the movements accompany themselves with a chorus, a habit the Japanese seem to find useful on every effort-making occasion, as do our Anglo-Saxon sailors when hauling on a rope. At every government school there is an instructor, who leads the drills and gives some slight heed to the parallel and horizontal bars, which are usually to be found on the play-ground. Beyond this there is no gymnastic work, although in the military schools, of which there are several, fencing with the modern weapon is a supplementary course.

It is altogether likely that Japan has gone as far in school gymnastics as she ever will, or as indeed is wise. Japan is essentially an out-of-door country, and gymnastics will have served their purpose when they have set up the body of the youthful Jap and given him a desire for wholesome, vigorous, out-of-door games. Evidence of such a result is already forth-coming.

As yet there is no foot-racing, but there are contests in jumping and on the bars, and several of the schools have boat-clubs, which use a boat patterned after the English model, and provide some very good sport. Football has been tried, but is not popular—perhaps it is too vigorous—and has now no native following of any moment. To baseball, however, the Japanese take very kindly, and play so good a game that last spring the native Yokohama nine defeated a nine from the cruiser *Olympia*, the flag-ship of our Asiatic squadron. About the same time a cutter's crew from a Japanese man-of-war defeated crews from the United States, English, and German ships of war.

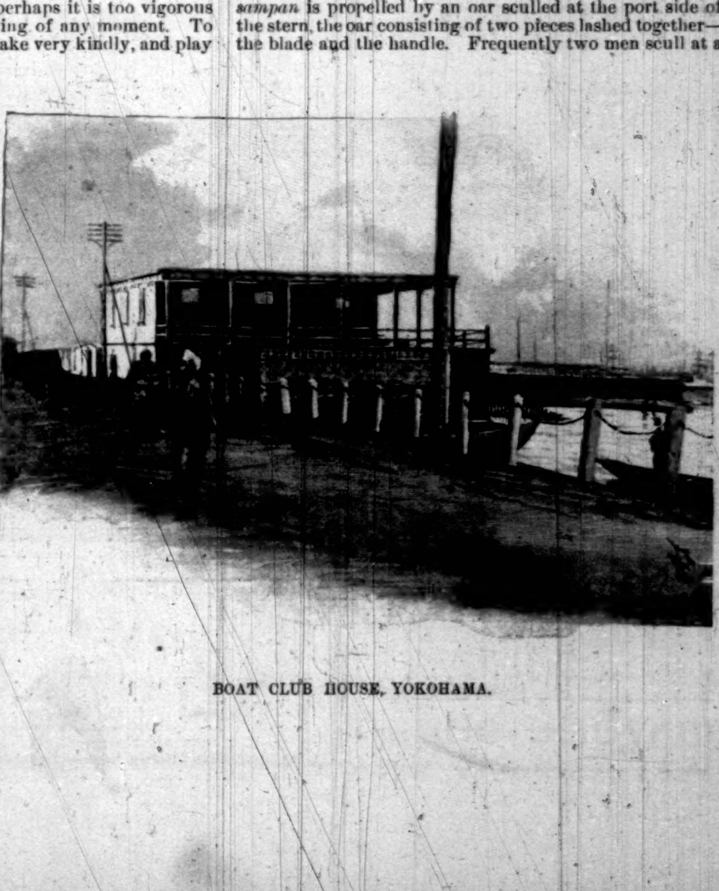
This is about all there is of school athletics, and although it is not very much advanced from our point of view, at least a beginning has been made which appears very gratifying to the progressive party of Japan. It is true one may not as yet discover the athletic movement without seeking, but it must be remembered that what there is of it is the development of practically the last two years. The Japanese reveals that notable deficiency of all Orientals, the lack of steadfastness and perseverance, and his athletic advance must be through holding his interest. Rowing and baseball seem to be doing this, and it is fair to assume that other games will, in due course of time, come into popularity in this country.

There is a species of physical culture current with the police of Japan which, while not bearing upon the athletic movement in the schools, or even the athletic awakening of the nation, is, I think, none the less worthy of mention. It is a kind of condensed wrestling rendered scientific to the last degree. I heard several names for it I could not put to paper, but one name for it at least is *yawara*. There is a school for teaching it at Tokio, where all police are obliged to study and pass examination in the art. *Yawara*, in brief, is the art of making the most of one's physical self, of getting the best results from the smallest effort, of worsting a stronger and larger opponent through a masterful knowledge of grips and muscles, and a speedy and absolutely exact application of that knowledge.

Practical physiology would not be an inappropriate name for *yawara*. The police employ it as a means of defence against attack, and as a means of quieting unruly ruffians, and judged by the exhibitions I saw of its efficacy, it must be very unpopular with Japanese hoodlums. The untrained eye can learn none of its secrets; and, indeed, so fast are the movements, that only the eye of an expert can follow them. From my knowledge of the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, I could in a general way follow the *yawara* expert sufficiently to see that the art was contained in a extensive knowledge of deadly grips, and of slipping out of tight places, but by a process and speediness not known to any other kind of wrestling which I have ever seen. Men held by others in every conceivable manner broke away with apparently the greatest ease when they brought their knowledge of this extraordinary kind of wrestling to their rescue.

The men I saw stripped for this work were small in stature, but finely muscled. The same may be said, in fact, of a majority of the Japanese who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They are very dissimilar to the Chinese in this (as, indeed, in every other) respect. John Chinaman is rarely well muscled or shaped, however developing his work may have been.

Perhaps the boatmen as a class are the best muscled of all Japan's laborers. The boats they use are called *sampans*, and vary in size from fifteen or eighteen up to thirty feet. The former size, however, is the more general size for passenger and light-freight carrying; the larger ones are used for family or other large parties. At all times, however, the *sampan* is propelled by an oar sculled at the port side of the stern, the oar consisting of two pieces lashed together—the blade and the handle. Frequently two men scull at a



BOAT CLUB HOUSE, YOKOHAMA.

JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS ON PARALLEL AND HORIZONTAL BARS.

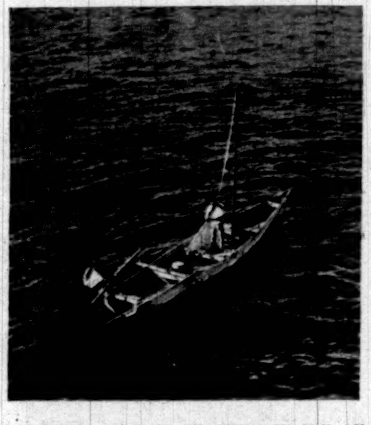
JAPANESE BOYS GOING THROUGH CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

time, one at either side of the stern. Oftentimes there is impromptu racing by these boatmen, but there is no organized sport among the *sampans*.

There is no class of men in the world whose appearance conveys less suggestion of their trade to the foreign eye than the wrestlers of Japan. They are the least athletic-looking men I saw in Japan. They are the only large men in Japan, and therein lies their distinction as individuals and their wrestling prowess. There is less skill in Japanese wrestling than in any wrestling I have ever seen. After the *yawara* it is particularly insipid. The science of Japanese wrestling consists in one man pushing another outside of a ring, and weight first and strength second are the prime requisites.

The combatants squat facing each other, and as the referee gives the word they hurl themselves forward, and then begins the struggle. It looks like an unscienced tug between two big overfed creatures who would rather be sitting over a pipe and cup of *saké*. They would make but a short stand against a disciple of the catch-as-catch-can or Græco-Roman style of Anglo-Saxon wrestling. The Japanese wrestlers are all professionals.

There are abundant pheasants and splendid shooting in Japan, but natives hunt only for the market, and foreigners are not permitted to go outside of treaty limits, which extend to a twenty-five-mile radius around a treaty port; but there is some sport to be had within these limits. The common pheasant here is the, with us, highly prized Mongolian variety, and there is, besides, the copper pheasant, a beautiful bird with a tail from two to three feet long. Then there are snipe and quail like our ordinary species, hare smaller than in England, woodcock just like ours—but getting scarce, probably soon to be extinct—and wood-pigeon. The sacred stork, which all Westerners know pictorially, and which at one time was likely to cost a Japanese his head if he shot, is now extinct. There are some preserved, but they are said to have come from Korea. In the north of Japan there is a grouse something like the species seen in extreme northern latitudes. There are teal-duck most everywhere, and one variety of goose, the kind known as the barnacle-goose, that weighs from six to nine pounds.



JAPANESE SAMPAN, SHOWING INSIDE OF BOAT AND ARRANGEMENT OF OAR.

Wild boar are very plentiful in the interior, and very generally distributed over the island. With some knowledge of the country and careful hunting they may be found within treaty limits. There are also small black bear in the extreme north, and in the mountains is now and again seen a wolf, smaller than the European species, and much rarer. Foxes are very abundant, and a small stag may be had well back in the island. There are no tigers, despite picturesque and historical allusions to them.

Fish are almost too numerous in Japanese and Chinese waters to make of fishing a sport. They are richer in variety and quantity than elsewhere, though not in quality, so far as I discovered. The supply seems inexhaustible, though thousands upon thousands of these two peoples devote themselves to fishing, and many thousands upon thousands literally exist upon it. Yet is there no appreciable decrease in the supply.

Wherever there are Englishmen there is sport, and Japan is no exception. There are rowing, cricket, lawn-tennis, football, and racing. Yokohama has the largest English settlement, and pays most attention to sport. There is a splendid cricket and football field, with an attractive club-house; a rowing club on the Bund facing the harbor, with gymnasium, a dozen boats, dressing-rooms, and bathing-barge, and in the Public Gardens on the Bluff are the lawn-tennis courts. The most important sporting institution in Japan, however, is the Nippon Race Club at Yokohama, which has its meets each spring and autumn at its race-course back of the Bluff. Race week is to English-speaking Japan what the horse show in London or New York is to society. It provides entertainment and affords an excuse for social diversions of one kind and another. The ponies raced are about the size of polo-ponies, only much stockier, and are brought from Hakodate, on the northern island, or from China. Few Japanese own or race ponies, and fewer still ride them. The Japanese are not notable horsemen, and horse-breeding has not so far been very successful in the island. The Emperor has several large studs, however, and is continuously endeavoring to breed up the native stock; there is some indication that he may be successful.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *October 25, 1897.*

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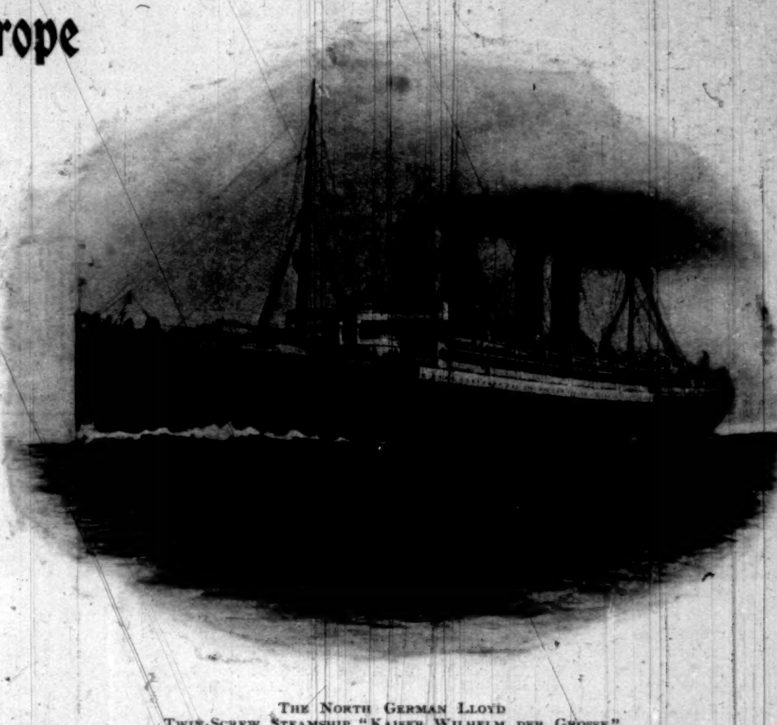

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RICHARD A. McCURDY President

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31 1897

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

| | |
|---|---|
| **INCOME** | |
| Received for Premiums - - | $42,693,201 99 |
| From all other Sources - - | 11,469,406 24 |
| | $54,162,608 23 |
| **DISBURSEMENTS** | |
| To Policy-holders for Claims by Death - - - - | $13,279,630 66 |
| To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc. - | 12,712,424 76 |
| For all other accounts - - | 10,132,005 57 |
| | $36,124,060 99 |
| **ASSETS** | |
| United States Bonds and other Securities - - - - | $132,017,341 45 |
| First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage - - - - | 69,423,937 31 |
| Loans on Stocks and Bonds - | 12,880,308 00 |
| Real Estate - - - - | 21,618,454 88 |
| Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - - - - | 11,705,195 82 |
| Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc. - - - | 6,141,200 20 |
| | $253,786,437 66 |
| Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities - - - - | 218,278,243 07 |
| Surplus - - - - | $35,508,194 59 |
| Insurance and Annuities in force - - - - - | $936,634,496 63 |

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

Charles A. Preller Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

| | |
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